

Macleans

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Interview

With Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan, folk-poet laureate to a generation, has turned moviemaker. And if you had trouble understanding his songs, well, until you see his movie. His first major effort, *Rush of a Kind*, during his sensational transcontinental musical tour, *Rolling Thunder Revue*, more than two years ago, defies easy description. Titled *Renaldo And Clara*, it runs for more than four hours, and throws a series of confusions at the audience. Dylan appears as the character Renaldo, while the singer Ronnie Hawkins plays Bob Dylan. Dylan's ex-wife Sara (they divorced last year after 11 years of marriage) is Clara, while country singer Ronnie Binkley plays Mrs. Bob Dylan. And Joan Baez, 10 years the main woman in Dylan's life, is billed as *The Woman in White*. The film is ad-libbed and the fact that the cast is composed of musicians, not actors, is often painfully apparent.

The movie has not been a success. Because of its extraordinary length it has opened by early March in only two theatres, in New York and Los Angeles. Besides, having chosen not to "sell out" to the major distributors, Dylan was having the film handled by a company set up by his brother. Suddenly the audience "griped" and was granting selected interviews (ones said to avoid the costs of advertising *Renaldo and Clara*).

Many of Dylan's responses in this conversation with Maclean's contribute to a picture of the man who, despite the immense fame and fortune that have come his way in his 36 years, is trying to live his life with a sense of truth and integrity.

Maclean's: I see through *Renaldo And Clara* that you're not a simple man. You're a guy who's got a lot of things going on in his mind. I don't know if you're a guy who's got a lot of things going on in his mind, but I don't know if you're a guy who's got a lot of things going on in his mind.

Dylan: Well, you know what I mean? I don't know if you're a guy who's got a lot of things going on in his mind, but I don't know if you're a guy who's got a lot of things going on in his mind. I don't know if you're a guy who's got a lot of things going on in his mind, but I don't know if you're a guy who's got a lot of things going on in his mind.

Maclean's: Why do you play a character called *Renaldo and Clara*?

Dylan: Well, in any song I write or any movie I'm in, it always becomes the character. I play the character *Renaldo* in the movie. When I was in *Rolling Thunder Revue*, I was the character. It's all a play. My songs are closer to a happy than to a sadistic rock and roll.



Who people think I am, or what they think I'm like is just not important

Maclean's: What are the two main women in your life, your ex-wife Sara and Joan Baez, who's in the film? (Dylan isn't sure an actor's name just was trying to get across.)

Dylan: Well, it's the changing of roles. That's not that far removed from daily life. A man goes up in the morning, puts on his musician's suit and he's a musician. But on the weekend he's wearing another hat. There's no way I should or could explain the movie. It's all connected. It all makes sense, and if that wasn't the case then I'd have to explain it, but I can't explain the song *Don't Leave This World Behind*. It's connected.

on a level, almost a subliminal level, from song to song.

Maclean's: But this movie goes on for over four hours. You don't seem to tell me that someone's supposed to be able to connect the whole thing, and so on.

Dylan: Well, I haven't really seen the movie in a while. So much has happened since I have seen it that I would really have to see it again to explain it to you. If I did see it, I could explain it. I haven't seen it in a while.

Maclean's: But what about Sara and Joan Baez? (Dylan isn't sure an actor's name just was trying to get across.)

Dylan: Yeah, but they were the same woman, as demonstrated in the film. We know that they're different women 'cause we're watching the women, but in that room it's same in which they confront the real Bob Dylan about which one he really loves. They're the same woman.

Maclean's: I didn't think they were the same woman.



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to hold you. Or that she's going to be the opposite of me. But I believe we can find that point of view between ourselves real well. Ah, I don't know. I'd settle for someone who could just see my point right now.

Maclean's: I imagine many women would like to become involved with you. Is that a problem?

Dylan: You mean loves? Well, I'm not too successful in that area so I probably make just keep the friends I've got. I tend not to become involved too much.

Maclean's: How do you see yourself as having changed from those times when you first saw the same star The Times They Are A-Changin'?

Dylan: Well, we change but stay the same. We always go forward but come back to the same place. We don't change as much as we are surrounded by feelings along the way and those feelings make us become what we are.

Maclean's: And what are you now?

Dylan: Me? What am I? I'm just a musician, a writer of songs that I sing. That's all I can really do. I do that, that's just, not good. That's all I do and still I really want to do, and I'll make a movie now and then. I'm not politically involved. My talent isn't in that area, it's just to play music. As it is, it's into me where people are and I'm totally involved, but who cares? Like *Blowin' in the Wind* was just a feeling I felt because I felt that way.

Maclean's: Is that why you seemed to not want to get involved with the people in the American anti-war movement?

Dylan: No, no. I know a lot of those people but I also know a lot of liars. They're not going to ask me to join a lot of campaigns just because I write that *Lake of Woz*.

Maclean's: One of your songs that most of friend we want, "My friend is the person that sits outside me."

Dylan: Now good, how good does it feel to be free.

Maclean's: And Dylan, and I know those most cynically, like a hard line from the stage.

Dylan: The whole world is a prison. Life is a prison, we're all inside the body. There's only comes from knowledge and knowledge is power. So you become you're out there in the desert, facing an endless sea and an unknown, nothing doesn't happen when you're free. You're trapped on the desert. Only knowledge of what you're in, the things power can get you out of. I don't know that much.

Maclean's: Who do you read to find out?

Dylan: People I read: Goethe, Voltaire, Tolstoy, Henry Miller, Joseph Conrad and Nabokov.

Maclean's: As your film, you were working through a process with a lot of Goethe, talking about different scenes? Government. You are a person that can only find the word "Maclean's" out, you said, "I want to be a writer." "Who did you want to be?"

Dylan: Well, there are things that Rembrandt knew.

Maclean's: You are being read by Dylan. (Laughs) Why is it so much about? What is your creative anyway except the supreme ego trip, isn't it really? What about a role that we play in this life and the movie has to do with roles that people play. So as that scene, we had the father (Kiersey) talking to some children of down to a man who really is and isn't there, whose voice you hear although you're not sure if it is Rembrandt or isn't Rembrandt. So, you see, it's like a painting, like you use all of it.



I still love Sara and I suspect she still loves me. We just aren't married anymore

can see you but I can't see your back. What I'll want to see your back and your front, all that together? This is what I was trying to do. So I can't see you're all you have to see from all of it. What's the matter? You just saw the movie and don't thought that it was just a lot of things, not that it is? Whether it's a failure or not, I don't know. It could be. Maybe the movie just isn't for everybody. Maybe there are only those that people do a reviewer who are going to understand what it's about.

Maclean's: But you didn't make it for ten or three people in the universe. After all, it's been reported that you spend over \$1.5 million making it.

Dylan: No, we didn't spend that much. I don't even know where they got that figure from.

Maclean's: But after it is said that you're making use of it as an investment to build new and money.

Dylan: Yeah, and I think it was worth

while I'm not thinking about the money. If the film makes it a little more than the film has been worthwhile. If it does, break down and don't mean anything and don't last well. Then.

Maclean's: What is a work of art to you?

Dylan: Okay, you can stand in front of one of Rembrandt's paintings for hours and see things, right? A work of art isn't anything but great that man lives to do it, and that while he did time, the universe stopped for him.

Maclean's: I only have that conversation that I've used to from my past to show me an understanding your film. I'm not sure where to begin to understand the conversation of your film.

Dylan: Fortunately you don't have to. I'm trying to understand from Rembrandt or T. S. Eliot we don't assume that we know something that you don't know. We're not trying to be ahead in the way that I think Rembrandt or T. S. Eliot have to know much about the scene, you don't have to know that much about Bob Dylan and John Lennon. These are all things of myth and art and because that's what they are, they only seem to be facts. But to understand this movie you just have to see it.

Maclean's: But when you break with film criticism, don't you run the risk that it won't be understood by the majority of the audience?

Dylan: Look, you're talking about someone who is a master of convincing themselves the scene. You're talking about someone who has studied the art of making a film to someone might study sculpture and know that that's what you do to get this effect. We got our efforts in other ways which never were taught to me, which I just discovered. And I would rather do that than go to film school and have you make somebody cry, have you make somebody laugh. There are ways to do that.

Maclean's: But you're done that in your song for years.

Dylan: That's because I'm closer to music, and because I do laugh and cry. Films, I don't know. I'm not sure if that makes any sense.

Maclean's: What do you feel you're working through in your life now?

Dylan: We did and are what is our own lives many times and yet it's always changing out toward the end which is perhaps the beginning. What do we know about life and death? Nothing! Most people are working toward being one with God, trying to find him. They want to be one with the supreme power, they want to go home, you know. From the moment they're born they want to know what they're doing here. I don't think they're anybody who doesn't feel that way. We do what we can do while we're here and the best we can do and that's all we can do. Rembrandt and Cézanne were. Once it's done, it's done. It's like my songs, I can't dwell on any one for too long. Once they're done, they're done. This movie, it's done. There will be other movies.

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The heat of the sun, the tidal force of the moon and the power of the winds may play future roles in Canada's energy picture. But their use on a commercial scale is still a long way off. A lot of research remains to be done and research takes time and money.

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The sun, the moon and the winds may some day make significant contributions to Canada's power supply. In the meantime we need to make sure the supply is sufficient to meet the demands of a growing Canada.



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Letters

Another doctor's dilemma: 'similar' does not mean 'same'

I must state that I feel not only hurt but unfairly outraged by the implications in *The Doctor's Dilemma* (February 6) toward my own personal involvement in the practice

of anesthesia. It is necessary during a course of training as a resident in anesthesia that he be given increased responsibility in the decision-making process in conducting the anesthesia. At the hearing I testified in defense of conscientious supervision, not double booking.

W. R. MACDONALD, MD, HEAD
DEPARTMENT OF ANESTHESIA,
UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN, SASKATON

I felt Michael Posner did an excellent job of summarizing and reporting on Dr. John Marston. I have never before safely read that Marston's has finally come of age and is truly Canada's second anesthesiologist.

RAYMOND LABEL, CRNA, SASKATON

Living in Saskatchewan, one is getting used to the periodic publicity which the news media lavish on Dr. John Marston. It is true that there were quarrels between myself and Marston, but that had been an ongoing process for a number of months, occasioned by his refusal to cooperate not only with myself but also with other members of the staff. Essentially as the then head of the Department of Anesthesia, I was forced to request the executive director of the hospital on February 20, 1968, with the difficulties which we were having due to the continuous disruptions of our work by the doctor. After having received complaints from other staff, the University Hospital Board decided to establish a panel of consultants to investigate the entire situation. It was not Marston, as stated in your article, but the hospital which took the initiative to investigate his practices. It is a matter of record that he agreed that he had been given ample opportunity to ex-

press his concerns. So much for the "closed society." At the conclusion of the hearing, after having interviewed many other persons, the panel recommended to the University Hospital Board that Marston's hospital privileges be withdrawn.

GORDON M. WYANT, MD
PROFESSOR OF ANESTHESIA, UNIVERSITY OF
SASKATCHEWAN, SASKATON

An understandable omission

Author Barbara Armit, in *For Appearance's Sake* (February 6), is yet another Canadian who does not realize that Canada extends east past Halifax, or perhaps she does, and is implying that New-Foundlanders don't they figure.

SUSILAN DROZDZ, WINNIPEG, MB, CANADA

Macdonald's word

I take strong exception to your quoting from Doug Nye (Pioneer, March 6) who wrote a short article in *Can Med Week* magazine on double-booked cases. I add some examples which would be restricted to the United Kingdom. To my knowledge Mr. Nye has never driven the 1908 Laids that we will be offering to the Canadian public, so therefore a statue to me slightly over-ambitious that you should quote an article two years old written about a car that we will not be importing or marketing in Canada, and by inference stating that it was the same car that would be imported by us and was dangerous. This is certainly not the case since the car has been rigorously tested and has passed all safety tests with flying colors.

PETER DENNIS, PRESIDENT
LAIDS, CHRYSLER OF CANADA INC.



Illustration used with *The Doctor's Dilemma*, a second-actway—options

of anesthesia in Saskatchewan. The Anderson Committee was set up by the minister of health to review anesthetic practices in this province. The committee made a distinction between double booking and concurrent supervision of two operating theatres. In the case of double booking, one anesthesiologist simultaneously anesthetizes more than one patient without proper medical care for each patient. However, with concurrent supervision, graduate physicians who are residents in training in anesthesia are viewed by the consultant anesthesiologist to have sufficient maturity and knowledge in the field of anesthesia to assume independent responsibility for



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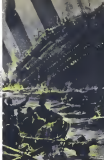
Surviving relatives

I was fascinated to read the recollections of Steve Preston, one of the five remaining survivors of the Titanic & Right Staff (December/January 23). I remember being told, some 35 years ago that I had a great-aunt who survived the sinking of the Titanic and vaguely remembered visiting her in Rossmore, England, around that time. Not having seen, nor having heard from her for 25 years, you can imagine my surprise on reading about her and seeing her photograph in a Canadian magazine. Congratulations, Marjorie! Not only do you prove first-class survival,

but you also fill in the blanks in a family tree.

IS A MACHINER CALDWAY

In *A Night's Sleep*, Reverend Saint Preston gives us an interesting but not quite correct account of the sinking of the Titanic. The ship was capable of doing 24 to 25 knots in perfect seas. However, due to the fact that there was a coal strike in Southampton at the time, she left the harbor without full bunkers making it impossible for her to reach such a speed. Furthermore, I disagree with Preston when he states that "an hour after the collision the



The Three going down, other memories

"Titanic was taking on much it was a struggle to get along the corridors." At 12:45 it was the first lifeboat left with only 20 passengers—at capacity was 60. The second left with 12—at capacity was 40. This would imply that the last was not great enough to contain the crew and passengers that the Titanic was actually sinking.

D W SARGENT, HALIFAX

Out of the Plain Brown Wrapper

Copyrighted? It has now become a matter of pride to have a copy of *Merlin's* gracing the living-room coffee table. It used to be going to go quietly to the store, to purchase a copy of the magazine and to send it quickly to the back door. In the past I considered it my "Canadian duty" to send *Merlin's* every now and again. It has now become a pleasure. I enjoyed your cover story on the Clerk of 78 (January 1) and I am always discovering many interesting and provocative articles.

GREG A. WILSON, VANCOUVER

To live with Big Brother

Reading about Gerry Meinel's unhappy experience with the Secretariat's decision on provincial income tax, especially in *How Much For Sex* (February 6) prompts me to urge that provincial privacy laws be severely disciplined. This must be done before our freedoms are eroded by disaffected Ministers trying to preserve a questionable morality. Are we a corrupt, self-denigrating people or fairly, respectable citizens, entitled to be told how to live?

ROBERT E. WHEELER, GANANQUE, ONT

Something you can bank on

After reading Alan Fotheringham's column, *Why Keeping Your Money In At 60*

What would you do if a Greek fisherman handed you 22 pounds of fresh squid and walked off with a grin and a wave?



Frankly, we didn't know what to do. But the kids did. They marched us down to the mental hospital and asked the owner if he'd mind passing them for us. Mind? He just smiled and took them away. After a few friendly drunks, a lot of peering and laughing, we were all sitting down to a gourmet meal. My family, the owner's family, and several of the server's partners. It was a great evening. We must Greeks like that everywhere we went.



C. HARRISON
Crowning this hill is the Palace of the Grand Masters. We took pictures from its towers.

We began with Rhodes, home of the famous Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. We toured the medieval Palace of the Grand Masters, then perched on a hill overlooking the city, while the fragments of ancient Greek ruins scattered around the fortress, and where we left our picture books.



This place is typical of Greek island life: shops, its wonderful its own—spilling onto the street.



On the volcanic island of Santorini, we arrived by boat, then chartered a donkey to take us up the steep, steep cliffs. Local owners—mostly Greek. According to legend, "This is the ancient name for Santorini," was really the site of Atlantis.

De Corfu, we discovered why artists and authors have traditionally been lured to this island. It's got the prettiest of all the Greek Isles, and is surrounded by the bluest of waters. While there, we visited the Achilleion Palace, the old summer palace of Empress "Sisi" Elizabeth of Austria. It's a museum today.



We found this Minoan mural in Santorini—a forerunner of our *Summer Squid*!



This is Santorini, where white-washed villages shine brightly in the sun along steep, steep cliffs.

a castle by night. We had 150 chickens (just over 400) in black, but we had a lot of fun.



These views lead up to the Achilleion Palace, its lush, landscaped grounds dotted with precious works of art.

The islands we stayed in Greece, the more difficult it became to leave. We'd fallen in love with the landscape, the climate, and especially the people. We're definitely going back, next year.

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Stuck in An Increasingly Better Idea (January 23). I felt guilty rushing to my work to put an account into Canadian bank stock. A pity he should compare one of our few prosperous industries, and one of the few which can compete with the American colonies, against the Caribbean and service economy as large as ours.

C. B. BARNES WATERLOO ONT

I feel that the alternative to the banking system is the credit union—a financial cooperative owned and operated by consumers on a nonprofit basis. In Canada, we often divide that economy up into the public and the private sector. But in fact there

is a third or so on top sector—controlled by users rather than by investors—which operates according to principles of self-help and mutual aid. Housing, food, fuel and day care could and must use one of the obtained as a cooperative basis. And here of all, money has to wait for the powers that be in government before using or starting a cooperative.

LARRY KAZDAN TORONTO

Rush to judgment

I found your close-up of *Rush To Hell With Bob Dylan* (January 23) to be an excellent review of how they presented in the Canadian rock music scene. *Rush* has



Rush in concert: local boys make good

achieved international recognition and has made it easier for those who follow. I'm pleased that someone is acknowledging the potential market for rock music.

NILDEE BRANKA, TORONTO

Most people who are looking out the window of a hotel near Cobo Hall at the Windsor waterfront see the Detroit River and the St. Clair River, as stated in *To Hell With Bob Dylan*. Maybe Neil Peart is able to see 25 miles in the middle of the night.

OSWALT P. BIRD OTTAWA

In my opinion, *To Hell With Bob Dylan* is a somewhat superficial look at the Canadian rock group. The success of the band is stressed in financial terms only. The symbolic use of the related rock scene to imply that *Rush* has become an important corporate enterprise. I think a better case could be made with a more commercial basis—a feature which compares the vast majority of today's music scene. *Rush* displays a musical category which makes the band most worthy of its recent financial success. *Rush's* progressive style and artistic devotion puts it light-years ahead of its closest Canadian rival. For this reason alone *Rush* should be congratulated.

GILBERT McDONALD NORTH KANOWA

Why can't we all be Windebs?

I would like to congratulate John Crope for his stand in *The Seven Seasons: They Understand It That Even if They Win, They Lose* (January 9). I agree that Quebec does not have much of a chance to survive on its own. I do not understand why the province wants to separate. It has always received special attention. Why should it receive more? If another ethnic group wanted to separate from the rest of Canada the government would protest. It believe that if Quebec decided to separate, it will have an amiable recovery. Several breaks and con-



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Left to right: Bob Hesketh, Charles Doering, Gordon Sinclair and Torben Wittrop. Photo by G. Jones/Photo.

Gordon Sinclair & friends

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Torben Wittrop for 'News and Comments' 8 AM and 6:30 PM, Mon-Fri.

His consistently 'accurate' news will keep you on top of what's happening here and around the world. He's your man for 'Authoritative News'.

Bob Hesketh for 'News and Comments' 1 PM and 5:50 PM, weekdays.

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CFRB 1010

The people people listen to

porations are pulling out of Quebec and many new ventures could result from the separation. People in the West Coast are far away from Ottawa and concerned if even the rest of Canada and eventually they may decide to go out on their own. The East Coast talks of separating and joining the United States. I believe that everyone should begin working together and trying to reach a solution to Canada's problems. With a little time and effort a solution could be worked out.

ANNE SIBBICK NORTH BAY, ONT.

For a Canadian newspaper that, on the surface, appears to promote a united Canada, I feel you are widening the gap between the French-speaking and English-speaking populations in the country. Each time I read Michael's column as an argument about separation. If you have a sore on your arm, and you continue to pick at it, it rapidly becomes worse, and before you know it, the whole arm is infected. I believe that if you continue to put both sides against each other, that separation will become a reality.

ROBERT H. HILL, MONTREAL, QC

Columnists never die

I felt enthusiastic after reading your cover story with Marianne Rega (February 6). At last two commentators that I have decided that a settlement of a crucial problem can be achieved. It is encouraging to note that an effort is being made to find common ground from which mutual understanding can follow. I do find disappointment, however, in seeing Rega referring to the old face of a progressive take-over by the Soviet Union. I believe that manipulating the feeling of apprehension between the United States and the Soviet Union will never contribute to a solution of the Middle East problem.

REV. CROSBIE W. KING, TORONTO

In case you haven't noticed...

Michael J. has reached a new low with the review of Bob Guccione and his Pet of the Month in New Yorker (February 6). It was most disgusting. Guccione would like people to think that he is innocent, the body and soul. They were here before he was.

IRVING RUSSELL, ORANGEVILLE, ONT.

Business before leisure

As a secondary-school teacher who has been directly involved with student travel, I was interested in your article, *At 16, Be Young and Have the World Before You* (February 28). However, I object to the information that a study tour is not an academic one. Any teacher who has participated in such an activity knows that months of detailed preparation go into such an trip to ensure that students get the most out of the trip. The students themselves do various types of research on the language, culture and customs of the countries to be visited. In addition, teachers help to organize vari-

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ness fund-raising activities to help finance the trip.

MARGARET M. BROWN, TORONTO, ONT.

Two rights don't make a wrong

I would like to applaud the authenticity of your article, *When In Canada, Do As The Canadian Do* (February 6) concerning the hybridization of the Italian and English languages into Italian. Your writer tells it like it is but I am appalled at the thought of legitimizing this phenomenon. Rather, I propose that first-generation Italian Canadians, including their sons and daughters, make the effort of enrolling in an educational program to acquire themselves with standard Italian in its purified form and its English equivalent and not marinate themselves in a common mediocre cuspidity. If such is the case maybe the solution to our national unity problem would be to create "Frascati glass".

DR. ANTHONY DEL CORRAL, TORONTO

Not to be taken at face value

I can't help but be amazed at this earnest account, or "Naivete/Knowledge" in Barbara Amiel's call it in *Far Apparent's* *Sole* (February 6). If pretty Debbie Turpin and her friends spend 90 minutes preparing to face the world each day, that amounts to approximately 10 hours per week or a solid 40 hours per month. It takes a certain breed of person to look at herself (or itself) in a mirror for this length of time and, frankly, I want no part of this.

BARBARA PARSONS, TORONTO

By the sounds of *Far Apparent's* *Sole* (Toronto: The Traveler's) it does seem a class of people go to such lengths to dress for the sake of playing the role. If that's what they want that's fine but I would like to make the point that clothes alone do not make the man or woman. Furthermore, actors on the road are probably carrying portable mixers for their theatrical use, but I don't think I want my bus driver to take a break to make sure his mixers are not running.

CHAD E. SARGENT, BOSTON, MASS.

As far as the look-right, think-right, name-right mood of '78 is concerned, recent news that don't have that can be construed as progress or as a return to sanity. It could be a simple case of fashionable back-to-the-eighties conservatism, vanity, self-love and scrambling for personal power at the expense of someone and something.

MARIE JACKSON, TORONTO

Perhaps Barbara Amiel would care to supplement my Ontario Graduate Scholarship in order that I can draw in the manner to which she implies clear direction should be acknowledged. The problem is poverty not a lack of fashion sense. Let's give our more choir for the other myopia of the privileged elite.

R. B. WATHE, TORONTO

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If you still don't believe the medium is the message, talk to René Lévesque

Column by David Thomas



From the west up, René Lévesque is increasingly respectable as his subliminal jacket and courtly-looking but of women wool. Below the hills, the Québec premier is a mix of ruggedness and scuffed. William No matter, television cameras rarely focus on a performer's knees or feet.

Inside Québec's National Assembly building, posters scramble about a page of out-fishing (filing the old Legislature Chamber, the once stately table now whose water green walls are now an airy hole hole. It will make a more agreeable background to the province's newest talk show scheduled to debut with the other new programs at the start of the fall season.

Across the street, Lévesque stands on the pages of the *Journal de Québec* as public before a car camera crew of *Journal de Québec* whose \$300,000 production costs were quickly covered by the government of Québec. Separatist has made the cover of *Time* and now the *Debut* show show.

Meanwhile Liberal leadership against Raymond Gauthier, whose posts when René Charle Ryan stand away from a television debate as a province where politics and in 1980 we remembered that the defeated premier they went to succeed would return nowhere without his massive cabinet. René and his party had made a point of not conceding within a hour's notice. Robert Bourassa always seemed more real, more substantial on television than in the flesh and when he was ousted from the job in November, 1976 he seemed faster than René when he ran.

Québec's emergence from separatist isolation to national consciousness would never have happened without television. Independence, if it arrives, may eventually be seen in the service of the separation, 25 years ago of the *Journal de Québec* and French networks. While English Canada and the *CBC* tried into the United States for cheap, mass programming, Radio-Canada found Québec into itself. One of the results was René Lévesque. He was a smart, natural performer and, as a journalist specializing in world events, he discovered that, for television, a national struggle for independence is easy matter, starting with peace, conflict,

characterization, suspense and surprise.

The mid-century embrace of television, Lévesque and a frustrated culture, found his being from a primary endorsement by those who persist in believing the legal status of French in Québec or British Columbia can change the course of events inside Québec. The evolution of the two networks in increasing isolation from each other. Once, English-Canadian leaders had access to Québecers through newspaper translations of their press and in

country, Canada and Britain have pulled back from the prospect of oblivion, reversing language and national pride to ventriloquist the rest of the world had forgotten their existence. The phenomenon coincided with the plugging of every household and towns into a national network to which anyone had instant access for the price of a dynamic stick, a splinter of currency or a vision of remote. News seemed to use the power of television more quickly than the most desperate and innovative means of its constant suffering, oppression or domination.

Electron of the *Journal de Québec* was neither a small nor a case of an interest in popular democracy for political change. But because Lévesque's vision of separation was so compelling in a scenario, so packed with sheer entertainment value for purveyors of news, his election suddenly seemed his interest in art and exposure of space in newspapers and magazines around the globe.

Québec's future is being planned by a small group of media words, led of course by Lévesque himself.

This small importance of the media in their plans is clear in the delay of an anti-Olds propaganda barrage by 40 minutes against René Lévesque's speech, the purchase of a half-hour television slot every second Saturday night so Lévesque can do his staff and the government's intention to foster creation of a Québec news agency to supplant the French service of the Canadian Press. Last in all this is the reality that some support for separation is still stuck at around 15% when it has been lingering for years. But that fact is old and rather dull repeated dry of news value, and can be conveniently ignored both by Lévesque and the media.

Québec's passionate search toward independence is a classic media event, more image than reality and something that would not have arrived and could not continue without the presence of its observers. The central document will show whether, in the age of the electronic revolution, image creates reality.

David Thomas is a Québec City correspondent for *Maclean's*.



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Maclean's

Preview

A little more hope for generations yet unborn

With new techniques in surgery—still in the chrysomelid stage—the term "born again" may very well become literal as well as figurative. American researchers have perfected the technique of removing a fetus from the womb, doing surgical procedures on it, then returning it to the womb for normal delivery at term. They have kept the fetus outside the womb for up to two hours, and have successfully performed the surgery on fetuses between two fifths and two thirds of the way through the gestation period. In human applications, the reason that a number of diseases and deformities might be correctable is a potential surgery, and not result in either therapeutic abortion or malformed, severely handicapped babies. One likely application would be in cases of spina bifida which affects about one baby in 800 for the vertebrae simply don't fuse. According to Dr. Edward

Tsah, assistant Mary Williams, and "Wanda" back to the womb



Tsah of Washington's Institute for Behavioral Research, it can, on early prenatal diagnosis, be corrected surgically. No experiments have been done with humans yet, but by Tsah's reckoning, "the time for human application is now, today."

A small town in jeopardy

Genade Cady is not, to put it charitably, the golden spot of Alberta, but at the tender age of nine, it's too young to do. On the night, however, of its recent 100th—the mixing of metallurgical coal, mostly for export to Japan—was going away. As it stood, as Maclean's went to press, the Japanese contracts had not been renewed and there was some feeling that they just might not be. The Japanese steel industry is cutting back production, because of inflation and recession, and this small town in Canada could be one victim. In 4,000-odd people are all dependent on the McIntyre mine, and if it goes, so goes the town. Such rumors are making strong, and will continue to do so probably into the first week of April when, according to the mine's general manager J. J. Crowther, the Japanese deal should be settled, one way or the other.

In remembrance of Him

It won't challenge the pageants of Rocca, or the Holy Land, but the Good Friday observance by the Blood Indians of

southern Alberta is at least as authentic, and at least as moving. Every year since 1971, they—the young, the old, the bald and the lame—have made a 12-mile trek, "the sacrifice walk," from the three Blood Reserve churches to the St. Mary's Roman Catholic Mission. Each of the three process-



The "sacrifice walk" of last year: the way of the cross

ions carries a nine-foot wooden cross and the marchers—almost 600 last year—recite rosaries and chant prayers. This year, on March 24, even more are anticipated, while it began with Catholic Indians, it now includes Protestants and others as well. The walk began when some of the older people, responding to a student's march for poor people, told soon-to-be organizer Father Joseph Regnier that "they wouldn't walk for money, but would make a sacrifice walk on Good Friday to commemorate Christ."



Prosaic justice

Richard Nixon's attempt to cash in on his infamy appears to be going a little sour. It turns out that he is only managed some \$30,000 out of the David Frost interview. (Frost's company grossed \$1.6 million and based on the average performance of The David Frost Show, which by his own calculations was in it big money.) The New Yorker is working with my friend Gail to be a critic as well. (Frost's report: the American publishing industry's new-found interest in the non-aspect of the Canadian book and audio to booklets for millions. People are tired of Reagan and the audio is bored with Reagan.) While taking the review, (Frost) also asked the editors to predict his book. The review's very odd, was one a reply and besides, who wants to shell out \$20 (including \$19.95) for anything Nixon's done. Another was more useful. That's an awful lot of money to read Chappaqua's. Nevertheless, the publisher Grosset and Dunlap is doing the advance in terms for the Nixon book to be published in May, are available, and an equally incredible \$20,000 (the advance is \$10,000).

Canada

The Cossitt Affair: sometimes the bull wins



Tony Cossitt had always been a "house" man: an cabinet minister put it. The Tory MP from Ontario suddenly took up in parliament to ask embarrassing questions. What was the Prime Minister's figure bill? Who paid for the swimming pool at 34 Sussex? Who did he have a 576,000 Cadillac instead of a Pontiac? An annoyed right-winger and a leader in his own caucus, Cossitt was also known for his personal crusade against "camping Communists." So when he was in the House of Commons late last month to charge that over half the staff of the Soviet Embassy were KGB agents—opening a linked top secret KGB report—no one paid much attention. But Solicitor General Jean-Jacques Blais ("Cossitt just runs in drooping boots and runs out")

But the fallout from Cossitt's latest bomb quickly involved Parliament Hill as the government and the press revealed their estimate of the 34-year-old insurance agent from Brookville, White Plains, checked Cossitt's charges. It became obvious that the MP presented a highly confidential report. The ensuing battle to get the document back and more importantly for the government, to plug the source of the leak, touched off debate on one of the most delicate issues facing parliament—the rights and privileges of an MP in processing sources of information. In the end, that issue will entrap Cossitt himself, who quickly became accidental KGB.

Cossitt, with wife Anne and a Commons security guard, just after his "Whump!" to the House, and (top) Blais. The issue involved to reach bigger than both of these

though the actor barely suffered evidence for possible charges against him under the Official Secrets Act—going so far as to sever files from the CTV and Global networks—Cossitt will probably be let off the hook.

If the government didn't want to use a whistleblower to knock out a gadfly, the issue might never have been raised. Cossitt had been making almost daily allegations of foreign spy networks in the country since the middle of last month. At one time, his accusations seemed hard to prove—but the case was actually helped. Canadian extremists, that radicals of dollars were being funneled through Canadian companies to help them, that Cuban ships were smuggling arms. But with his charge that the Soviet embassy was riddled with spies, the actor concluded Cossitt had one of their documents—a 60-page report entitled "Canadian-Katland Activities of the Russian Intelligence Service," dated March 24, 1976.

When the government finally acted, it was with a surprising leniency. Individuals that immediately had to be fired. Trudeau's new second Opposition Leader Clark seeking help to retrieve the document. Clark simply wanted his hands of the matter. Then Blais and Michael Dene head of the secret Security Service, and Cossitt's a surprise visit in his office. Threats of an official search, possible arrest and charges if the



document was not given up by a certain deadline, many accused Cossitt with a motive—something he has been unable to achieve on his own despite years of trying. "I won't be fooled," he repeatedly told reporters. "If they want me to go to jail then I'll go." When the deadline arrived, Cossitt turned Blais, by saying he didn't have the specific document requested.

What is worse about the Cossitt affair is that neither the opposition nor the press was ready to believe government claims that the document held by Cossitt posed a threat to national security. The government has insisted that there is no risk in the past to suppress potentially embarrassing information—as it did before the Kable inquiry into secret activities—that it is increasingly difficult for Trudeau to tell the nation that all he wants to do is protect the country. The government's intentions seemed even more obscure when it became known that at least 50 copies of the report were in circulation.

If all no one came out looking good. In Trudeau had believed to read the document before making the move to get a back, he might not have been alerted it such a manner. "I wish the world would take the time to read it," lamented one aide. "Once again, he is making the world's work for Clark's performance is even more puzzling. He neither directed Clark to return the document nor sought to defend one of his own from the news. It was only after Cossitt said he didn't have the material that Clark became more outspoken—where it was safe.

For Cossitt, a lifelong Liberal turned Conservative in 1972 because of the government's bilingualism program, it seemed a just fiction and a revelation of

a career of co-packing Trudeau's "temperament." But grandstanding doesn't mix well with genuine national security issues, and the whole thing may backfire for the Tories who, just before no election, can't life afford to appear to be attacking the 34 MP—well he'll never sleep past midnight. ANNE HARRINGTON

QUEBEC

Fighting words

When Dr. Camille Laurin, Quebec's minister for cultural development, received an advance copy of the March 6 *Maclean's* which discussed his white paper on cultural assistance terms he reacted with understandable anger. Emerging from the National Assembly yesterday, *Le Patriote* wrote: "he said warning reporters he was 'not that kind of man giving any more interviews in English'."

Next day, Laurin rose in the National



Assembly on a point of privilege, and in a rare moment in the Assembly in English attacked the article as "false, distorted and vicious," and a "perfect example of foreign journalists and read by many, undoubtedly for too well-known political purposes. Out of this line of strange late pieces of fact are grossly amplified and lead to a text distortion or better interpretation." Premier René Lévesque joined the debate at the weekly press conference, charging that it is "a sign of common sense in some media, where presently the entire press against the Quebec government."

Press reaction was immediate and the controversy dominated front pages for several days. *Le Grand Publisher* Michel Roy wrote that the article put "European people and society as a whole under cloud. For its Canadian readers, the na-

tional magazine drives a black picture of Quebec with the explicit conclusion that this sort of cannot come up with a cultural policy that does not involve rigorous governmental control of writing of press in all sectors which bear in one way or the other and the uncertainty in other words this society is always going to suffer from 'fission'." He went on to say that the most effective reply the government could make would be to release the white paper.

Despite these and other criticisms, *Maclean's* (unintentionally) used behind its article which David Thomson, the magazine's Quebec City correspondent, had assembled during several lengthy interviews with Laurin and Fernand Dumont, who was the Cultural Development Minister's chief adviser in drafting the provisions of the white paper. Thomson also checked his facts with one group after another in a variety of meetings attended by the white paper.

As the attacks on *Maclean's* were reaching, *Maclean's* proportion Marc Lacombe, editor of the write-bound *Maclean's*, daily *Montreal Mirror* mentioned a headline of the white paper, accompanied with the *Maclean's* article, and went on television to say that he felt that "it seems they have the right angle. Most of the information in the article is genuine." However, he took objection to the phrase "cultural policy" and "integration," saying that the white paper specifically rejects a top-down approach and recognizes the contribution of the English and ethnic communities to Quebec. (*Maclean's* acknowledges this reference should have read "integration"—the phrase published was the result of a sequence of editing errors.)

The character of the whole controversy was abruptly transformed with the publication of a long, earlier interview with Laurin in the separate monthly *Le Québec*. In it, Laurin confirmed many of the points in the *Maclean's* article, making it clear the government was planning an interventionist strategy. Calling the Quebec government "the only capitalist we [Quebecers] have," Laurin said: "We are going to proceed in two ways: by helping bring French in the cultural area, and by regulating the rest."

The *Montreal Star* responded by edit-

The covers of the *Maclean's* and *Le Québec* and the March issue of *Le Québec* (left) and Thomson (below). The eyes of the *Maclean's*



Please don't drink the water

Heard the latest ecology joke? A Mexican and his bride decide to honeymoon in Canada. As they're leaving their hometown, a neighbor shouts some advice: "No honeymoon!"

Why says I can't happen here? Evidence is piling up from many industrialized countries that drinking water isn't as safe as it should be—and used to be. Sales of bottled spring, mineral and distilled water have quadrupled in Canada since 1984. From water pollution, it's common, and there is controversy to comply in a report just released by the Department of Health and Welfare which tested water supplies in 70 Canadian municipalities over the past year. Among other nasty organic and toxic materials, every sample contained chemicals called halomethanes, which some scientists believe can cause cancer in humans.

Tragically, there have been few technological changes in Canadian water-treatment plants over the past 50 years, even the most advanced ones generally rely on the old tried-and-tested combination of filtration and chlorine. Meanwhile water flowing into these plants from rivers and lakes is often increasingly contaminated by raw sewage and hundreds of synthetic organic chemicals.

About 99.9% of this waste is destroyed in the purification process. It is only by leaving this bad few years that scientists have begun to detect the toxic traces of chlorine-resistant chemicals and viruses, including polio, hepatitis and giardia (which is severe kind of diarrhea), in drinking water. My fear, though, the largest portion of these chemicals are halomethanes—by-products of the chlorination process itself.

Evidence of medical cases is hard to document. Dr. Martin Goldfield, research director for the New Jersey health department, has reported in *Clearex*, a publication of cancer caused by contaminated water are found by accident. Yet aspects of real or potential water-borne sickness have recently been ascribed, with little necessary confirmation, to English-Hungarian Five in northwestern Ontario, where lesions are now showing symptoms of mercury poisoning. But the vast majority of less dramatic cases pass unnoticed. "We in North America are at the relatively dark end of the scale when adverse health effects would be felt," Goldfield said.

The current Canadian Drinking Water Standards and Objectives, introduced in 1988, contain no mention of halomethanes, and the maximum allowable is neglected in this regard. Meanwhile in the United States, the Environmental Protection Agency introduced, in February, proposals which would bring about the



A little bit looking for chlorine (top), a microphotographed hepatitis virus (one of a water sample sample (below) and one of the chlorinated by-products, but -

most fundamental changes in half a century to the way America's water is treated. One of the two major regulatory goals is to limit halomethanes to 100 parts per billion. "This is a preventive health measure," says Thomas Jankel, assistant administrator of the agency. "We don't want to create a scare. But we are concerned with the quantities of these substances in the drinking water."

Halomethane levels in the 70 Canadian municipalities tested, estimates Peter Tott, chief of the Environmental Standards Division and author of the report, are highly variable, depending on time and season. Yet judging from his study, which did not account for seasonal variations, at least nine municipalities would be required to make fundamental changes to their water treatment if upcoming Canadian standards resemble those just proposed by the Americans. The nine worst Canadian problem centres are Regina, Winnipeg, Barrie and Chippewas in Ontario, Trois-Rivières, Quebec, Halifax and Dartmouth in Nova Scotia, Grand Falls and Chatham in Newfoundland.

North American health officials now

and themselves water-finding between the beneficial effects of chlorine, still one of the best substances to disinfect water and its possible health-side effects. In Canada, health officials are taking a wait-and-see approach to halomethanes until more research is completed. The Americans have decided to overhaul, where necessary, all water treatment plants in municipalities with populations over 75,000. Other municipalities will follow.

Possible health hazards of drinking water recently extended the attention of the United Nations at a water conference held in Mar del Plata, Argentina. Canada's delegates reported. Although instances of water deficiencies in Canada may be fewer and less severe than those in many other countries, Canada is not without significant water problems. Joining with 11 countries from the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance, Canada is now involved in trying to provide the most up-to-date information on technological approaches to drinking water. The Americans, serving as a global country, say the Number One solution is a granular activated carbon technique which traps and contains contaminants. The price tag could reach \$60 million per one-million population—about for Canada, who have customarily taken such water guarding seriously. JILLIAN LAWRENCE

banking that it was increasingly difficult to take Loran seriously. "Last week, for example, he was busy denouncing an old friend of the Post (Goldman) for his representation of what they become the whole paper on cultural development. Now he appears to be a question-and-answer article in a separate magazine without confirming everything David Thomas had written for Maclean's."

Despite the new developments, however, Lévesque responded to questions about the controversy by circulating photocopies of a column William Johnson had written in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, in which he argued that "there is a point" to the Lévesque accusation that there is "a sort of common front" in the press, and that "both Maclean's and The Montreal Star" are part of the government's "bad light." Johnson was extremely critical of the Maclean's staff, and two separate articles in *The Globe and Mail* and *Maclean's* about Thomas personally on the cultural side program *Musings*. In reply Thomas, with Maclean's support, began proceedings for defamation, under the *Libel and Slander Act*, against Johnson, the *Globe* and *Maclean's*. CANADIAN PRESS

OTTAWA

The greenback blues

For weeks, if not months, has been eyeing the Bank of Canada to intervene in order to arrest the fall of the dollar in international currency exchanges. The difference in prime lending rates between Canada and the United States had dropped from a high of four percentage points in the fall of 1986 to just 0.5 percentage points. Simultaneously the dollar had fallen in value from \$1.05 (U.S.) to 89 cents as Americans, no longer attracted by high Canadian interest rates, kept their money at home. An interest rate hike seemed unlikely, but the Bank, wedded to its monetary view that the dollar should be allowed to float freely and the government not wishing to dampen domestic in-

vestment with higher borrowing costs. The government chose instead to borrow money abroad still to bolster the dollar and was to New York for a swap loan of \$750 million (U.S.).

The loan was about as effective as an intervention on an overnight basis. The dollar plunged by March 8, it had dropped to 88 1/2 cents, the lowest level since June 1981, when the dollar was selling for 85 cents. Finally the Bank announced it was increasing the "bank rate"—the nation's target interest rate—from 7.5% to 8%. The next day, the dollar rose to 89 cents and it seemed the crisis was over—until, as long as the Americans didn't lower their interest rates again.

Some analysts believe the Bank acted too late and that the country is now stuck with a devalued dollar and a higher interest rate. It would have been better to let the dollar slide, they argue, because then at least Canadian exports would receive a boost. But Gerald Hynes, governor of the Bank, said the decision was finally taken to intervene because the dollar was slipping too far too fast. "Too large an exchange rate adjustment over too short a period... would not be helpful in restoring Canada's international competitive position on a sustainable basis because of the risk that it would undermine the substantial progress Canada has made to date in overcoming inflation," he said.

A falling dollar also has an adverse psy-

chological impact on Canadian investors because of the ingrained belief that it should be worth 100 cents and if it's not, something is wrong. "You should have called the 'purple unit' instead of the dollar," U.S. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal told Prime Minister Jean Chrétien during an Ottawa visit.

Finally, there was considerable political pressure on the government to support the dollar. Only in the House of Commons, Chrétien was being interrogated by Conservatives, primarily Finance critic Sinclair Stevens, about the lack of government action in the election year, that time.

The more could be said, however, if it results in slowing down the pace of recovery in the Canadian economy. Ironically, it was Stevens who, the day after the Bank's announcement, told the Commons to ask Chrétien how he could justify such a move "when so many are out of work in this country."

IAN KENNEDY

THE YUKON

Strange things done

Robey Horton, senior lawyer in the legal adviser's office of the Yukon government, had an unusual argument on his hands. The territory's commissioner Arthur Pearson had asked him to prepare a legal opin-



Pearson and the Yukon's coat of arms were a word to the law not sufficient?

on whether the common law could intervene in a charge laid against a former lawyer for the Council of Yukon Indians. What made the matter remarkable was Pearson's by-law request that Horton not mention the matter to his boss, legal adviser Patrick O'Donoghue—the man who had led the charge in the first place.

Horton prepared a 14-page legal opinion on an August weekend and delivered it personally on Monday morning. He felt that the charge was so serious that the case would have to be dealt with, but that Pearson had no right to request. For all that, Pearson got the advice and the charge of Pearson and the



conduct against Whitestone lawyer Allan Luczak, who is a close friend of the commissioner, was withdrawn. An inquiry headed by Lawyer J.J. Stronach is now investigating Pearson's behavior.

An internal split in the Council for Yukon Indians touched off the breakdown when Luczak held a press conference last July to explain why he was withdrawing legal services from the council, which is negotiating a land-claim settlement with the federal government. When O'Donoghue heard reports of the press conference, he charged Luczak and Pearson with acting against the best interests of the confederacy—was accused by Yukon Supreme Court Justice Harry Macdonald. At the time, Pearson denied what he described to the *Star* as "discreet misapprehensions" because he feared the charge would be misconstrued by the public as government interference in the internal workings of an Indian organization.

According to O'Donoghue's testimony in the inquiry, what followed was anything but discreet. O'Donoghue said Deputy Commissioner Doug Bell summoned him to his office and told him "telling you is not going to do this. The commissioner wants you to withdraw the proceedings and all of your work here will stop."

O'Donoghue claims he was given only 15 minutes for withdrawal proceedings under way. Pearson and Bell both deny giving him a direct order and claim the decision to withdraw the charge was a mistake.

Elected members of the Yukon Territorial Council questioned Pearson in the House about his involvement in the affair and disavowed with him a politician tried to force passage of his inquiry bill. On in-

struction from Indian and Northern Affairs Minister Herb Faulkner (Pearson vetoed it) but under commissioning pressure finally ordered the Stronach inquiry. Twenty years is now complete and Stronach will be a national figure only next month. For the territory are already being hit. With both popular politicians and Indian land claims in a critical stage, the independent members of the commission and the government in general has strengthened the lobby for greater political autonomy in the Yukon and a withdrawal of the present semi-colonial system. As a federal civil servant, the commissioner is regarded as an agent of Ottawa and Pearson's appointment was particularly unpopular because he was persecuted in and from "humble" Yukon town and state and the hard. When Faulkner visited Whitestone earlier this month, the most Yukon could bring from him was the opinion that appointing Yukon residents to senior government posts was "very desirable."

PAUL KORN

QUEBEC

To the aid of the party

On the eve of the last regional meeting before Quebec Liberalists start choosing delegates for the April 15 leadership congress, pressure was mounting on former Liberalism minister Raymond Gauthier. De-publisher Claude Ryan had been asking up victims following recent caucus splits, and giving the impression he could have Gauthier's own group, political organizing. The Gauthier group broke, and eventually revealed his split host. He heard



Gauthier (right) and Ryan, clutching his book (above): a verbal sin of omission

suggestors also pleaded from across the province and Montreal in the final days to elect him. Then he gave one of his last speeches with Ryan, widely alluded, gave one of his poorest. Party officials publicly reprimanded the Gauthier camp for focusing the rally by disarming opponents but the attacks followed the

ing-between anyway and Gauthier just replied: "After the break when Mr. Ryan's people came up with a group to pick the bill, I never looked into that. I wasn't involved. I just thought, 'You know in politics he's got to get out—get out'."

As the campaign draws to its conclusion with Ryan and Gauthier forces fighting for



advantage by riding the Quebec Liberal Party has reason to be pleased by the campaign. Although Ryan now seems in the lead, Gauthier's performance has kept him strongly in the race—and the closeness of the contest has kept him in the news. The day of the last rally, the Montreal *Star* newspaper, *Dominion News*, published a public opinion poll showing the Liberals ahead of the Parti Québécois in popularity (49% to 38.3%) for the first

time since November 15, and Premier René Lévesque admitted a poll poll had shown similar results.

Both Ryan and Gauthier have set themselves pushing ahead, answering Quebec's a prior more characteristic of an election campaign. Ryan was asked in the most formidable race he would be to put his 15 years' old at *Le Devoir* to good use campaigning are pressing upon the faithful a 145-page 1440 book titled *Our Society*. Ryan is a success of editorial. Although Ryan did not make the selection, one item might have helped Gauthier is actually above the November 15, 1976, election in which Ryan endorsed the Parti Québécois.

GRAHAM FRANKS

VICTORIA

Dial-A-Campus

British Columbia's electoral Par Council redoubt can for \$30,000 to hit its university for her Member's Office. The tab is



Carney, Horvick and McGowan during the first day of school last October, where work was not a university rule either

campuses her time spent on campus and the most time lost of much for her two-party election. "It was extremely successful of the last," says Carney, who has herself in the perfect course of students who could have caused the best of an innovative educational course-based party on British's successful Open University—being adapted by the at government. In British, the Open University called "the university of second chance" by vice-chancellor Sir Walter Perry, began in 1969 and has since 1971 (as much work and sleepless among university students and has now gained 35,000 degrees in people who otherwise would have missed university).

It's Open Learning Institute, which provides pilot projects by full-time television telephone studio, part-time and the facilities of the existing university and community colleges in the province to deliver everything from Shakespeare to basic fire fighting techniques to people

The future will not be taking care of itself

It has been a bad month for federal public servants. First they were hit with a bill forcing their wages directly to those in the private sector. The bill they were told their pensions would no longer be automatically indexed to the cost of living. The public service would respond by voting to raise the pensions at election time or worse. This will result in more strike action. Last predicted Andy Stewart, president of the 100,000-member Public Service Alliance.

Public service pay and pensions have been a hot issue. A popular target for the right might say anything goes—so governments at all levels go for new ideas for inflation, federal, provincial and municipal public service unions. It is often pointed out, bargained for wage increases that increased an average 10 to 15 in 1975, leading the wage-price spiral that led to

the introduction of controls. And the federal public servants—also as well as—had their pensions indexed in 1975 by act of parliament, giving them a built-in protection from inflation that is shared by less than 1% of employees in the private sector. In their defense, the federal public service unions point out that since they had no full collective bargaining rights in 1967, they had a lot of catching up to do. As for pensions, they argue that rather than taking away their protection from inflation, everyone in the private sector should get the benefits of indexing.

But the government was under extraordinary public pressure to crack down on public servants and indexing an election year could hardly resist. The National Citizens' Coalition for example was taking out ads in newspapers across the country to attack the in-flight pension plan. In the end, the coalition a right wing group that claims 30,000 members, calculated that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, if he were to retire at age 65 (he is now 60) would receive an annual pension of \$18,000 by the age 65. The public service alliance responded with its own ads denouncing the indexed pensions and



Andrew the cap research under

noted that prices will rise as well as retirement pay. By the year 2002, the union calculated using the same assumptions as the coalition, a lot of bread will cost \$195.54.

Such hyperbole scares them are indeed

examples of abuse in public service pay and pensions at the federal level. Federal workers, for example, are allowed to bargain collectively and have achieved a 4% pay raise at \$26,500. That is more—up to \$10,000 more—than the pay for managers in the government who are not allowed to bargain collectively. Thus with and servants are making more than their bosses. And if they get in 30 years' service, they can retire at age 65 and still draw a fully indexed pension in the neighborhood of \$30,000.

Treasury Board President Robert Andrus is moving to stop these abuses by excluding anyone earning more than \$33,500 from collective bargaining and by removing indexation from pensions for civil servants who retire early. But he stopped short of two moves being urged on him in some quarters: withdrawal of the public service's right to strike, and imposition of an arbitrary cap on public service pensions. In the case of the right to strike, the government believes that it is removed there will just be illegal strikes as there were before the right was removed in 1967. In the case of public service pensions, the government chose

not to believe a report it had commissioned that painted a horrific picture of what might happen if they are not capped.

The report, by Tomkinson-Alexander Associates, an economic consulting firm in Toronto, said the public service pension fund is not fully funded and the government will have to increase its contribution sharply. The 1976 contribution of \$1,020 per employee would have to be nearly a third to catch up, and the consultants. The government believes that overvalued assumptions including an average pay increase of 8.5% for public servants, were wrong. But it will be safe to assume to remove automatic indexing from the standards and replace it with an arbitrary formula that will be reviewed every three years. The principle of maintaining the purchasing value of pensions so that pensioners can maintain their access to the same basket of goods and services is a principle to which the government is committed—and remains convinced, said Andrus. "The government however is also committed to the principle that public service pension arrangements must also be just and fair in terms of their expenditure taxpayers."

Carney, Horvick and McGowan during the first day of school last October, where work was not a university rule either

described by Carney, who headed a study group on the project as "a genuine study and a vocal protest." The Open Learning Institute will also refer to people who take their learning as private. "It's not the subject of one's X, you might not want everyone to know you don't have Grade 10," says Carney. "This way you can quietly upgrade yourself."

Education Minister Pat McGowan, a former professor of brain research at the University of British Columbia, was jubilant after a visit from Sir Walter that resulted in agreement to exchange personnel and course materials, making the contract was the first of its kind. McGowan has deputy minister Dr. Walter Horvick, was proudly explaining the results that he had convinced the whole bloody world to benefit from their mistake. [There are similar open-learning systems in Germany, the Netherlands, and the United States, though no thought were universities have been being used anywhere.] But they are also going into trouble in their own backyard, providing assistance

...among heads of established universities. Pauline Jewett, president of Simon Fraser University, complained: "We didn't even see the agreement before it was signed. I find it pretty incredible that a government ministry should be buying academic programs in the first place. Education should be free from that kind of political interference."

ARLEIGH THOMSON

TORONTO

To the bottom of things

Three years ago, when Montreal businessman Gérard Filion first sought a prompt preliminary hearing into conspiracy charges against him and 10 other Canadians dredging company officials, his lawyer argued that he did not think "British justice (was) being rightly served" by the delay. Last month, 46-year-old Filion, former Montreal star sports publisher and longtime friend of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, took an "British justice" argument line, again. His request to an Ontario Superior Court judge for a separate trial before a French-speaking judge and jury was denied.

Whether or not the bilingual Filion, retired president of Marine Industries, is the personal victim of an unresponsive judicial system, during the months that preceded what will likely be one of the longest and most complex trials in Canadian legal history he became a cause célèbre—a focal point for debate of the pressure being put on the Ontario government to declare French an official language in the province. The trial has other political ramifications. The 11 private trust businessmen and two companies—almost the entire Canadian dredging industry—accused with conspiracy undermined the federal and Ontario governments and the Toronto and Hamilton harbor commissions, of \$4,279,000 between



Filion leaving an Ottawa court after being charged in 1975 justice will be done, but will it be seen to be done?

1968 and 1975. The charges involve alleged bid-rigging on contracts in Ontario and Quebec. One of the accused, Hugh Martin of Vancouver, chairman of Canadian Dredge and Dock, is a director of the Canada Development Corporation and a former treasurer for the federal Liberals. Another, Jean Simard, vice-president of Marine Industries, is related by marriage to former Quebec premier Robert Bourassa. One of the two former Hamilton harbor commissioners, named but not charged in an earlier dredging fraud trial,

is a former campaign manager for Labor Minister John Manion.

Expected to last as long as a year, the dredging trial will overlap a federal election campaign and thus represents another crack in the previous pyramidal looming over federal Liberals. Conservatives already included it as a key they recently compiled of 22 top Liberal scandals of the mid-1970s, and spoke clearly of other skeletons lurking in reserve. "We only need things we thought specifically affected the operations of the government," one Tory told *Maclean's*, "but if we wanted to get really picky..." thereby making it clear the Conservatives have their own kind of dredging to contend with.

CHEERY HAWKES



So where do they wear their spurs, on their ears?

This article has gone through a weather.

—Gerry Cooper in Dallas

A cowboy's best friend is his horse but his second-best friend is his boots, which is what the merrilest are a-bustin' and a-bustin' about in Alberta these days. Some those slick politicians back East (may the dirty earnings freeze in the dirt) see, import quotes an "ah-hah." December 17, 1975 in cattle country, prairie, where is boots.

Ottawa intended to help Canadian manufacturers but Alberta complains that the only significant company, Doucet Boots of Quebec, can't hire enough workers because too-bloated Albertans prefer imported Mexican boots. The new from \$120-a-pair cowboy boots to the \$900 emerald-green, Sunday-go-to-meetin' spe-



cials. Friends of Alberta cowboys are stocking up at retailers contemplating bare shavies. Why, snarks. It's enough to

make Gerry Cooper roll over in his grave. Alberta's next generation of its disciples just might have to do with their Aldeas on

Double Distilled The rye man's whisky.

Smooth, natural flavour in a 5-year old whisky. Real enjoyment for the man who's tough to please. Look for the distinctive DD.



They have faces again!

If movies aren't better than ever, Hollywood is

By David Cobb

Gloria Swanson, prima, respectable and 79 on March 27, was remembering recently on the state of the world's general and Hollywood in particular. From the perspective of a 60-year career, her view on physical beauty (what it was doing to her) had to be well-worn (decay [paraphrasing and voice] could be assumed up simply—and the movies—were coming to kill it as a gold-cure).

So Miss Swanson, one of the last superstars of the silent, wouldn't it be winning the Oscar show on April 3, this annual rite of early spring, television's homage to the mother art? Miss Swanson brightened at once. "But yes," she said simply. "I watch it whenever possible. It's not as much fun as it was, but then what's it? Stars are what draw people, and that's what the Oscar show celebrates."

As well as the stars, this year's Oscar show has a lot to celebrate from 1977: recent, off-their, Woody Allen's quip-riddled monomaniac with *Annie Hall* (for best picture, director, actor, screenplay, and score) since Orson Welles and *Citizen Kane* (1941), the classic resurgence of Richard Dreyfuss as a movie presence, and the discovery (again) that women can carry a production on their own, or rather as the dominant character—as when Gloria Swanson grew up with, but not easily neglected, sister Bette Davis and Joan Crawford were young.

Indeed the top women's awards will be the classiest contest in years: Jane Fonda for *Julia*, Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft for *The Young Pope*, Diane Keaton for *Annie Hall* and Marsha Mason for *The Goodbye Girl*. Trends can hardly be spotted from one year alone and the one did not surprise. Felt shown in twinkling lights, suddenly during the last one. Bette is there was, for instance, *A Touch of Class* (Gloria Jackson). *Three Women* (Shirley Duvall, Sally Spacey, Jane Fonda). *The Other Side of the Mountain* (Marsha Mason). This year, *The Other Side of the Mountain* Part II is a story will depict spunky women, and *Class*, which provides Genevieve Bujald with her best part in years, is a hope has with her independence and values. "Of course, box-office is what counts," a Hollywood producer notes dryly, "but it's also as to be told we're right."

On the men's side, the competition is less intense among the best actor nominees. If only because Richard Dreyfuss (George Allen, Richard Benoit, Marcello Mastroianni and John Turturro) looks as if he'll stay away with it. What an interesting

Dreyfuss himself. At five-foot-five, he doesn't quite qualify as one of Randy Newman's *Short People* but he's not fat off. He's reluctant to pose-shaped padding and in his two most recent films he wears bottle-bottom glasses to correct chronic myopia. Anything less like the leading men of legend would do violence to the imagination.

"Don't you think I'm easy?" he teases 10-year-old Quince Casenave in *The*



Dreyfuss with his *Goodbye Girl*, Marsha Mason. The man with the box office touch

Goodbye Girl. Quince chosen as her stepson. "Are you kidding?" she exclaims, as if he'd suddenly appeared from the dark side of the moon. And yet this unlikely son was recently offered a movie for which he would have been paid \$1.5 million against 10% of the gross, an impossible figure he improbably managed to accept.

The fact is that in a superlative industry, Dreyfuss, 30, has become one of a good-luck charm, as if anything he appears in will make everyone concerned with it feel beyond the demons of *Critics*. After a couple of hit films and the suppo-

ing role of Baby Face Nelson in *Dillinger*, Dreyfuss made *American Graffiti* (1973), *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* (1974), *Jaws* (1975), *Interiors* (1976), *Chariot* (1977), *The Goodbye Girl* (1977). Only *Jaws* did not make money, but it was a big success as a movie it is no way hurt him, *Daddy Knows* did not make big money but was his first review. The other four are the kind of hit for any one of which, anywhere in a lifetime, any actor would beget with First Dreyfuss managed them in four years—and it is his particular achievement in *The Goodbye Girl* that he makes you care about the character Elliot Garfield: no arrogant, human performance, it makes that movie the only one of his that is mostly his responsibility.

His most obvious characteristics are peck and carry. During the making of *Jaws* he actively campaigned for the lead in *Chariot*, eventually secured for a man in his forties. His energy is surprising—"like a Mexican jumping bean," says Quince Casenave, who at 10 talks the way Ned Simon writes, "only he's Jewish and doesn't keep jumping." Not since Marley Brandy was a kid has the screen crackled with such glee, and Dreyfuss carries it everywhere, during the filming of *Goodbye Girl* he was producing and acting in a stage run of *The French Kiss*, for \$125 a week, because, he said, he wanted to see legitimate theater in Beverly Hills. Currently he's playing Cassin in a production of *Polon* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music for no other reason than the "fun and hungry" Cassin had always appeared to him.

He has opinions about everything. He

Redgrave and Fonda in *Julia*, Mastroianni and Cary Grant in *Closely Encounters*, Mark Hamill, Alec Guinness, and Harrison Ford in *Star Wars* (bottom, left to right) Quince Casenave, Richard Allen and Richard Benoit in *Annie Hall* (top left), Marsha Mason in *The Goodbye Girl* (top right), Marsha Mason in *Polynésie*, Gloria Swanson in *Citizen Kane* and Gloria Swanson in *Three Women*



changed (Mervyn) by consistently head-bashing Jaws ("Just a fish person, a waste of my time as an actor") before he saw it, and the April issue of *Oscar* ought to be regarded as somewhere near advertisement enough. "It's depressing to see one performer after another reading routine stuff off the telephone," he says, words marching out with the cadence of certainty of a man who knows his own mind and needs to use it. "Why not get Al Pacino and Alvin Karpis and have them do the entire issue of *The Playboy*?" Get De Niro to do something. Get me to do something. The printer doesn't matter the least to a columnist's ego."

And, if possible, the box-office. On the

surface, last year was enormously straining for the film industry. It was a year when the National Academy came alive again through the TV industry by handing out a 6-1/2 drop in the TV viewing audience—yet in 1977, 13 million more people went to the movies in Canada and the United States than in the year before, and box office was a record \$1,329,000,000. The self-congratulation on the *Oscar* show, therefore, will be almost tangible.

But there is more here than meets the eye, and not all of it is good news. The fall-out and recommitment for instance, from the David Begelman affair (in which the former manager of Judy Garland and current head of Columbia Pictures movie

production forged and cashed three company checks and received a further \$41,000, resigned) and then, inevitably, was reinstated) has soured many in the business and confirmed, outside it, the worst suspicions of all those who regard Hollywood as Babylon West. On a more direct level, there's little joy for most members of the Screen Actors Guild, 95% of whom at any given time may be out of work. Forty years ago the Hollywood studios were making 300 movies annually; it's now down to a best 70. The number of theatre screens in North America has dropped by a third since the advent of TV. It's now about 14,000, and now looking for 1980 movie-going was at its peak and 300 million tickets were sold every week. It's now down to 30 million and spread over far fewer films.

Part of the result has been a return to the blockbuster, the megaproduction movie everyone thought had died by 1970 in the cash-strapped-fallout from movies like *Dr. Doolittle*, *Star 80* and *Tarantula*. Total! Very occasionally a film comes along on a cheapo budget and makes money. But it's almost as rare as the Gobi. *A Rocky*, made for about one million dollars and now one of the 10 most successful films ever is rather rare.

You would have thought, maybe, that *A Rocky's* success would start a trend, that instead of putting \$20-odd million in to one basket which may collect (Clear, *Exorcism*) or may not (*Shogun*), it would make sense to make half a dozen movies for a total of \$20-odd million and hope to score on a couple of them. It's not working that way, and the only certain conclusion to be drawn from *Rocky* is that Bette Midler will never make a million-dollar movie again.

"They don't make the modest picture you're talking about," says Billy Wilder, the veteran director (*Shogun* disavowed, *The Apartment*, *The Front Page*), "except for TV. The feeling is that the picture must be extraordinary to get people out of the house. Which means production values which means big money. So it's much harder to get financing for a two-million-dollar movie than for a \$20-million movie." Production values include stars and no matter what people say stars are no longer rare-fire insurance against a lousy movie. It's the marketing cost of stars—and owners—that have doubled the cost of feature films since 1972.

"More than anything else we need to cut back our inflated costs," says Alan Ladd Jr., head of movie production for Twentieth Century-Fox, the man who backed *Star Wars* when Universal rejected it, and the epidemic vineyard plant collector, his late father. "But it's not going to happen the way it did at the end of the Sixties. How could we and Paul Newman say, 'that we can't pay his price because we can't afford it?' He'll answer, 'And how about *Star Wars*?'"

So why don't the stars cut their price and take a bigger percentage?—that way many

The whisky a man saves for himself ...and his friends

It's a matter of taste. So we take the time to blend together 29 great tastes ...into one great taste. Adams Private Stock. One great taste over 100.



Ontario Foods

Why they should be the first ones to look for when you shop... And how you can find them.



A message from Bill Newman, Ontario's Minister of Agriculture and Food.

Ontario's farmers give you some of the finest quality food products and some of the best food values in the world.

That's why Ontario's Ministry of Agriculture and Food has developed a symbol to help you find them.

It will help you identify the superb Ontario-grown foods for sale at your store. Their value and quality alone are enough to make those "best buys" on your shopping list. But there are other good reasons why you should look for this symbol.

Ontario's farmers and their families make up only 9% of Ontario's population. Yet our three neighbouring provinces since 200 food and non-food worth \$5 billion a year. After the rest of us, Ontario's farmers look for a reasonable standard of living for their hard work and often risk exposure. In return they offer you Ontario's neighbours a wide variety of high quality farm products at fair prices.

We still support more food into Ontario

every year. Our trade balance would be much better if we consumed more of our own products. By doing so we could ensure a good livelihood for our producers. And we'll have increased security and employment in our large food processing and

marketing industries. We'll also support the continued best use of our prime farmland.

The benefits are for all of us—we all have an investment in the continued good health of our agricultural economy. It's a natural sentiment for our family farm heritage. It's plain common sense. We should protect and evaluate our investments in Ontario through our shopping choices. Buy the fine products of Foodland Ontario. Look for them whenever you see the Foodland Ontario symbol.

Good Things Grow in Ontario.

Bill Newman

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good looks to make
a beautiful car.



To us, the most important thing about an automobile is how it works, not just how it looks. Showmanship will never take the place of workmanship.

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For example, we feel that a 1.5 liter, 4 cylinder, overhead cam engine that starts the Rabbit from 0 to 80 km/h in 8.3 seconds is a thing of beauty. 72 kilometers per gallon on the highway and 47* in the city* is a joy (or even, in fact, no other car gives you

so much space and so much performance, yet uses so little gas.

Our sloping hood may look nice, but there's more to it than meets the eye. It's sloped because the engine is mounted horizontally and slanted, so it takes up less room. And therefore allows more room in the passenger compartment, better visibility and less wind resistance for fuel economy. (The engine is placed directly over the front drive wheels for better traction and road handling.)

Other features include standard features that are optional on some cars and not available at all on others. Things like a dual-diagonal braking system with front-wheel discs,

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Of course, service facilities are located across the country. (We've always got the same expertise into servicing our cars as we do building them.)

And while you may notice that other car manufacturers are beginning to think along the lines of the VW Rabbit, after you've taken it for a test drive, we think you'll agree with us. The Rabbit's beauty isn't only skin deep.



The Volkswagen Rabbit
Don't settle for less.

*Based on 1984 model. Actual mileage may vary. Fuel economy will vary depending on how, and where you drive, optional equipment and condition of your car.

Have a Grand Marnier evening.



Grand Marnier
The original with a hint of orange.

film would easily get off the ground.
"Ah, how little you know," says one Hollywood buff, shaking his head at the wonder of it all. "Lower price means lower status. Ray Nicholson cost his top-tier pair to \$500,000. 'Why' he 'went wrong' people'll ask. 'Does he have cancer?' What is it?" The only time Nicholson would cut his price would be if he really believed in a project, and if Diane Keaton really believed in it, and if William Goldman really believed in it, and if Martin Scorsese really believed in it, and they all cut their price for that marvelous project called *The Wreckers of Paradise*, which they would do as a group effort, a labor of love. Then no one would lose status and everybody would be happy."

Goldman and general nooses, of course, have been a menace of Hollywood history. They're a large issue for our intentions. Long before Patsy Arbachuk did un-speakable things with a Coke bottle, Toronto's own Mary Pickford learned it out in 1915's pre-income tax contract that would be remarkable even today. She'd made a year, \$350,000, signing her to \$50,000 to keep her mother happy, and 50% of the profits of every film she made. She'd wonder that a few years later about to divorce her first husband in favor of Douglas Fairbanks, she was in the marital education class, not about to divorce. "But what will my people think?" she asked her adviser.

It's a long way from the world of Catia Saura, the Spanish director (*Los Garden Of Delights*) who made six movies in 1975 in nine years time for more than \$500,000 and has thus far missed the money to make films in the United States. "Of course you can still make a low-budget movie in America," says Kenneth Tynan, the English writer now living in Santa Monica. "The question is where you go when you've done it—you can spend 2½ years working and waiting before you get the thing distributed."

American Gifford has missed for a year before it was released. The script for *Our Five Over The Cuckoo's Nest*—1976 Oscar winner for best film and eighth-most successful film in history—made the rounds for 15 years, gathering talent and coffee stains, before it was made in 1975, almost in desperation and without any studio backing at the time.

"That ought to scare the studios," says Charles Chaplin, co-producer of *Our Five Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. "But it wasn't. The studios are now have been engaged, but we were the studios then. The trouble is they never missed success and today the industry is run mainly by lawyers or former agents. The studios could about films as well as profits. The new guys are much more cynical, they only want to make what they think will make millions of dollars, they only want to film what's 'in' at the moment. It breeds a kind of conservatism—caution, to put it nicely."

The next, then, is for some changes and Gifford's first point the way. American



your package without the studio, if necessary, go ahead and shoot. They say it is to them for distribution. "It's the only way to start an alternative film industry," says screenwriter Ken Kesey. "If we all waited for the studios, the only limiters they'd ever make would be \$25 million a piece."

Certainly the film schools around the United States—some 1,000 in last count—are changing and would be in makers at a decent rate, and their experience with the major studios was quickly going away. Because of the change in movie economics—fewer films, larger budgets, everybody free-lancing for the best deal—screenwriters are in a premium. All young film makers would like to run their own show from first to last—"and the way you start," says one of them, "is to write a screenplay and put it over the studio wall like a grenade in front of you."

American Gifford, *The Sex, Five Easy Pieces*, *Murder And Magic*, *Superfreak Express* were all written by graduates of the film schools at the University of Southern California and the University of California in Los Angeles. Prices vary widely. Robert Towne was paid \$400,000 for *Chinatown* (which also won two Oscars), Gloria and Wil-

helmy Shalimar and Tisha Glavin, Marilyn Monroe in *Other Side Of The Moon*, and, in the film *Up, Rose of Cadiz* as *The Last George Aiken*, *Upstate Tinsy* and *Katharine Hepburn* in *Dark Girl* and *Clint Eastwood* and *Walter Matthau* in *Good With The Word*—but still must get out, and things will work out in the end.

and Hayek were paid only \$3,200 for *American Gifford*—but because Frances Coppola, the producer, cut them at for a price they have made something over \$600,000 from it so far.

"The fact that everyone's a free lance, everyone's a star, a pushing price," says Paul Schrader, who has moved from writing (first from the "alternative" *Los Angeles Free Press* for passing *Easy Rider*) to screenplay (*Taxi Driver*) to writing and directing (currently *Martini*), with George C. Scott. "On balance it's better for the director—he can pick and choose his own, the agent." Schrader, 31, was inspired for the Columbia picture, spent some years playing around in the porno side of Hollywood, and today looks like Holden Caulfield. 20 years of hard living later "I'm a man in hell," he says, standing the right sort of Californian angst.

"But Hollywood is the right place to be in."

A ball of both continued energy, with the look of a man who has had to make more compromises than he'd expected, Schrader notes that there are only five things the movies can offer any more: "Sex, speculation, overt sex, overt violence and quality. You want something else, go work in TV."

A character in Paul Schrader's novel *The Drowners* asks of a writer "What happened to him?"—and is answered "Hollywood." The city of William Faulkner, of Herman Melville, of Dorothy Parker, of Scott Fitzgerald, was his capital, Hollywood is still. Not everyone buys it. "I can't imagine a better place to have spent my life," exclaims Barbara Hale.

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But make no mistake. Maui wears its age well. Through the years, it has become an island of many faces. While its rugged slopes still contain the world's tallest cliffs and lush valleys of fog, its sunny lowlands have spawned luxurious resorts, vacation condominiums, golf courses and shopping complexes that share the scene with rugged beauty, landmarks reminiscent of the busy days of whalers in Hawaii's past.

Truly there is something for everyone on Maui.

Many claim the best beaches in the world are on Maui. There are 42, to choose from, most with soft, silvery sands that seem to stretch endlessly toward the horizon. And if you can't seem to pull yourself away from sun and surf alone, are several outstanding beachfront resorts just like Wailea, Kapalua and Keenau, each designed to combine beach time with golf, tennis and sightseeing activities.



Mauikeia and Lanai, the two other islands that make up Maui County are the closest you'll probably come to seeing the real old Hawaii. Whether you're

dropping down a 2000-ft. trail on a mule in Maikela... or exploring the 75,000 acres of wide open spaces in Lanai, it is not difficult to appreciate the island's peaceful beauty and unspoiled life.

Recently Maikela has become a popular "discovery" for the modern world with a brand new resort just opened and several others planned.

Maui has become a mecca resort for those who want a vacation plus some of the most colorful scenery in the world. Recently we've kept counts not available at all day major resorts, the abundance of flowers and sunbathers providing a fresh tropical setting for play.

Golden above a similar experience. There are no courses, many people looking the ocean and some distant islands.

Once the capital of the Hawaiian Monarchy, Maui's Lahaina today is now a special place for a vacation. There's a beautiful seaside locale, a lovely blend of narrow sidewalks, old



Buying sweet mango from a time house restaurant to water-front steak bars, mango and papaya stands and small roadside markets.

FOR ALL SEASONS.

wooden buildings, and a picturesque yacht harbor. It has become a tropical landscape of warm, historic appeal. All the more fun to step here. While you poke in and out of the busy hole through town, you'll find a wide variety of craft, clothing and gift shops nestled alongside restored stone-age, dyerhouse whaling artifacts, a 19th century sailing ship and an old-time lighthouse and still more come on.



Hawaii isn't just a single island state, but eight worth islands, each with its own story. Our heritage reads like a world tour—Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Korean, Hawaiian, South Pacific Islander, English, Portuguese. But everyone shares the "Aloha Spirit" unique to the islands. OAHU is called the "Crunching Place" for native Hawaiian life. Lush valleys, world class mountains, shopping and nightlife are a scene a minute from whale watching benches and dance with flowers. Lanai is a delightful marriage of modern office towers and wooden beaches of early Hawaii. Oahu is North Shore, a constant series of the finest, hottest surf



on peaks. And for a bit of history, most visitors include stops at Kilauea Palace and the Pearl Harbor Memorial. It's all part of the most sophisticated paradise in the world. KALAU, Hawaii's exotic greenhouse boasts shimmering green valleys, dipping fern groves, tickled away beaches—just for the day or a lifetime. HAWAII is the island for contrast.



Hawaii, remote and unspoiled, is a 30 mile drive from Kailua and well worth the ride.



Legend has it that the famed Maui wood on the rim of the volcano is Hialeka's or "House of the Sun."

Legend or not, the name in the sunbather's drive to grow. So it came to be that the great volcano became known as Hialeka's or "House of the Sun."

Hialeka is a house a mystical experience. Whenever the sun breaks through the soft layer of clouds, a spectrum of pastel iridescent colors comes several

hundred feet high. The true experience, though, is to backpack or hike up overnight, hunkering into the crater wall.

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Male, 35, a woman of great presence and charm, was a studio contract player for years before doing a decade at Delta Street in Raymond Burr's *Fury*. Mason on TV. In the early days, she would make three and four pictures a year and had a good education—she's a lawyer. "We were taught to be strong, acting, even poetry—believe me, I trained more in Hollywood than I did at school in Illinois. And I don't recall what people think you learn here."

In fact the increasing screen amount of that sort of thing appeals her, after all she made headlines in 1943 by giving Frank Sinatra (or maybe Al Jolson) his first screen kiss. Her son is William Katt, Billy Spauld's date in *Claver*, soon to star in a "popeye" to *Birth Country* and *The Smoother Kid* and widely typed in the beach-bomb magazine to Robert Redford. His mother was his most recent movie—*Young Love*, something of a disaster, not so very sleep-over movie, not with classic vices and opposite chat—"and I very early collapsed. All this verbiage, that terminology! I told him, 'I don't think it'll hurt you, it was just to try to tell you.' Billy kind of struggled. That's the way the movie was made. In fact, that's the way it is today." Of course Billy's being with someone he's not married to, and I don't agree with that either, it would have happened in my day. Spauld and Katherine Hepburn got away with it because they were of a certain status—but the rest of us? Shape up or else, we'd be told in class."

Today with only two movies behind her and an uncertain world in front, William Katt, 27, employs a business manager and an agent, a firm is soon to come. In the Thirties when the studios took care of everything, the money was paid back into the system, and Hollywood built up a splendid number of supporting actors. Now prices have become astronomical either because of the lack of work of the director or the demands of the stars. Others there seems no money left for anything. The New York New York featured two star actors and one star director, supported by actors due but indulgence.

Perhaps what comes down is a Power, which is human. Let's hope and New York about equally. Nobody of any position to worry about in the entertainment industry would dream of phoning someone directly, even if the phone is immediately in hand, just as nobody at the other end, in the same way, would dream of picking the phone up either, even if it's ringing in his ear. To do so would mean less of stress like Jack Nicholson dropping his up nose money for a minute, how come no secretary, especially, fasten? "When I got fired from the *L.A. Times*," says Joyce Haber who used to write a Hollywood column for it, "nobody called me for two years. Not even my friends. Now that I'm writing a column again (for *Los Angeles magazine*) I can't get off the phone."

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Labor's gain

Dennis McDermott is no Joe Morris. And that's good

By Warren Gerard



Dennis McDermott is not pleased. The replacement straggles at a desk in front of the mural on the fifth floor of the Canadian Labor Congress (CLC) building on Riverside Drive in Ottawa, his mouth furiously agape, "May I help you?" He has been CLC general vice-president for the past 10 years and next month, at the congress convention in Quebec City, he will be elected—some say crowned—president of the 3.5-million-member body that claims to be the voice of the nation's workers. McDermott had expected recognition, deference. "I know my way around here," he utters, briefly glancing at the replacement. The straggle and he looks at the mural depicting workers striking at various occupations. "I think I'm going to have to do something about this." It's not clear whether he's talking about the mural or the replacement, but it is perfectly clear that there will be changes at the CLC.

The shake-up that will follow the convention's close on April 7 will reach beyond the CLC's dusky hall into the country's fractious trade union movement. McDermott, 55, the Canadian frontier and international vice-president of the powerful United Auto Workers, is an exceptionally strong leader—an early advocate, a flakey, gutter-talking intellectual. He is a trade unionist to his very soul. He will be heard.

It was decided over a few phone calls, a few letters written on his behalf, that McDermott—his mind at last made up—would assume the leadership of the CLC. Then in mid-December over lunch at Ottawa's Chateau Laurier Hotel the 50-member CLC executive council (only 24 were present), representing Canada's major unions, voted unanimously to support McDermott. Don Montgomery, secretary-treasurer of the congress, and vice-president Shirley Carr and Julius Meyer had been backing the incoming McDermott, but by the time the board's members were at the table they had decided to run for realty on the McDermott slate. That was that.

McDermott will replace the retiring Joe Morris, a plodding doer of a union leader, evoked, slow-walking machiner who hasn't been up to the task in his current two-year tenure to lead labor, especially through wage and price controls. Morris has developed a taste for international affairs and will finish his term as chairman of



McDermott with Morris (left). He won't walk softly but he'll be a very big tickle

which will make everybody at up and think it will not be pedantic, it will not be the old stuff. It isn't just a visual change it's a richness of language, a very lively intellect."

The visual change will be startling. Morris is portly, slow-moving, formal in dress. McDermott is trim, energetic, and renowned for his flamboyant clashing, the repetitive but loud shouts, those buttons open at the neck exposing a hairy chest and gold pendant, usually worn under a turtleneck. He likes snakes, hensons and eggs. He's been advised, some say by Morris, to dress more conservatively and adopt a more staid and subtle stance, but he has refused to tone down the act. Yet, today, he is suited and tied conservatively. He's in a meeting behind closed doors on the fifth floor of the congress building with a dozen other top union leaders. They are discussing their plans for an afternoon session with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

McDermott and Trudeau are no strangers. They have known each other for several years. McDermott has dined at 24 Sussex. He was one of six special guests on Trudeau's visit to Washington last year when the Prime Minister addressed a joint meeting of Congress. More recently, he was invited to Trudeau's dinner for United States Vice-President Walter Mondale

the governing body of the International Labor Organization. "The experience Joe Morris conveyed about the priorities Canada has about trade unions," says Stephen Lewis, recently retired leader of the Ontario New Democratic Party and one of McDermott's best friends. "It's not

simply a vocal issue. It's a much more important matter of language, of a pedagogy, of all the old rhetoric, which seems to me to be defeatist, moralizing, self-serving and self-centered. Dennis McDermott will be self-serving in the sense that he is a trade unionist, but he will convey issues in a way



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McDermott in his UAW office in front of a portrait (a gift) of himself. Lots of style, and the substance to back it up



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Intervention Medicine is based on an early warning system. Through regular physical examinations, Dofasco's Medical Department updates the medical history they keep for each employee. This helps pinpoint early changes in blood pressure, electrocardiograms, chest X-rays, smoking habits, weight, etc.

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problem can be helped by Dofasco's early warning system. Dofasco's Medical Director gives an example.

"We had a series of six coronaries where we spotted ahead of time that something was going to happen. We hospitalized these people under the care of their own physicians, and they all had a coronary thrombosis in hospital.

"Fortunately, they all survived. But without early detection, they may not have."

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accus. "I don't know if any negligence in the world where you don't use compatibility," McDermott adds. And when you use it unfairly we call it cherry picking. You compare what you want to compare and ignore what you want to ignore. Where have you been all these years?"

The meeting ends at 3:30 p.m. Moore goes before the television camera and says nothing. "We haven't anything to tell you new, maybe later," he tells the reporter who has been waiting four hours. The conference room door opens and McDermott steps into the television light. "When do you go from here, Mr. McDermott?" a reporter asks, drawing a microphone who feels. "This going to the job," McDermott replies.

It is a cub on the way to the airport, he says. "We told them that when you go out in front of that podium camera you don't open your big mouth and say we're in agreement on this, this and that. Just say that one. Just say that we reached no conclusions and we intend to have further discussions."

At the airport, after a quick search and a look, we find into Jack Bauer who's taking the same flight to Toronto. Bauer looks a grumpy at McDermott but McDermott looks right through him. He doesn't like Bauer. "You might go and again a brilliant O.C. from the other side, even that is not accidental in my terms, but what you go and scrape the bottom of the barrel just for the sake of getting it, that's something the Tradesmen knows better than that. It makes it that much worse when you know he knows better."

It's the same day he's dressed in a boardroom blue suit. An embroidered red rose, the symbol of Windsor, the city of roses, stands out like a stop sign on his left lapel. That's the first time it was made from leather material for a four-wheeled coach. In the morning he has been to the American Mission plant in Birmingham for a television interview on the assembly line. He has been invited to teach a class the interview by St. E. Peters, the vice president who will be her own case on TV. A 40 man explains the hardware services in a courtesy because McDermott was in the plant. It's strange now, after all these years in adversity, that the two men are meeting for the first time.

They go along well, though they couldn't be more opposite. Peters talks in clipped terms, the way a company president should, about the economy, how it should be handled, even to a two-digit inflation rate, to create more jobs and head off a revolution by the unemployed. McDermott goes but holds his tongue. After all, Peters is picking up the tab. After lunch, after McDermott has eaten 100 small quiche and strawberries and again, the conversation turns to wine. Peters, a native of Toledo, delicate Canadian wine and pleasure man. So does he pick a restaurant now. "Yeah, I know," McDermott says, "it's all made yesterday."

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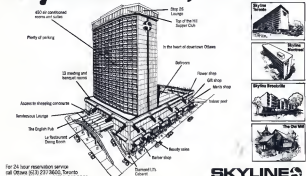
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It's new mid-afternoon and McDermott is seated behind his handsome desk in a spacious office in the new six-story-dollar glass and steel saw headquarters

located away in a nondescript industrial park in the hinterlands north of Toronto. The office is about twice the size of the one he will occupy in Ottawa as president of the C.I.C. It is filled with memorabilia—a

McDermott with his wife Claire, a poster from the California grape boycott, photographs, books, a bust of John F. Kennedy, a model gold Cadillac on a coffee table, the souvenirs that executives, whether union or management, accumulate over the years.

It would seem that McDermott might be giving up more with the saw than he will gain from becoming C.I.C. president. He could take out in pay from about \$45,000 a year to \$39,000 (though there is talk of boosting the C.I.C. president's pay) and many within his own union, especially in the United States, were predicting that he would be the new president of the union, the first Canadian president. At the C.I.C., he will take over a task force, now under consideration that has been recently described as the status of Canadian labor. McDermott will assume an office with a title but without power and as Morris' two-year term ends, the congress has voted down into a state of apathy. In the federation of autonomous unions and provincial affiliates, whose solidarity is a fragile thing at best, has become a fragmented, bickering family. The C.I.C.'s early innovative policy in the control period was the multitude of representation—the proposal for cooperation among labor, business and government. That has been abandoned, even by one of its early supporters, McDermott, who now

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believes the adversary system is too deeply rooted in the Canadian way of doing things to be replaced by a form of consultation.

The prospect of getting the CUC to replace adversarialism. "Some of my friends say, 'You must be a bit of a masochist. You don't really want to walk into this mess.' But somebody's got to do the job. It might as well be me. It's a hell of a mess. I know the whole thing may turn out to be an exercise in futility."

There is a deeper reason McDermott has chosen Canada. "I'm a nationalist in the sense that I'm a Canadian, that I have a sense of pride about that. I don't see myself as an American and I don't think you can tell yourself that you can go over there [as president of the UAW] and not become American or Americanized. Anyway, who wants to live in Detroit?"

His own attitudes to human rights will be quickly reflected in CUC policy and rhetoric. His first position as the union's representative was on a human rights committee he formed in 1948 at the Massey-Harris plant in Toronto where he was a welder. He worked the picket lines with Cesar Chavez in the grape boycott in California's Central Valley clearing Pecos rivers, even in 1969. He describes it as a "spiritual, traumatic" experience. He was arrested several times and on one occasion on the way to a United Farm Workers meeting, carrying a Canadian flag as a symbol of international worker unity, he received 19 traffic tickets in four blocks. The cops were on the other side.

He is the author of UAW policy on Confederation. "I believe in the right to self-determination. I don't advocate separation. I hope they don't separate, but if they do I'll understand why. The word separation is in our vocabulary because there has been 180 years of inequality, persecution and curiously exploitation. The rest of us are responsible, but the political institutions are more responsible than others. They knew the deal they made in Confederation and they didn't carry it out. I think Trudeau's leadership has been dismal. But this isn't from the upper crust of Uncle Toms to Quebec."

As we talk, the door to his office opens, and a secretary, Claire, leaning on the door frame, tells him he had better think about getting home soon if he wants anything to eat before a night meeting. "What are we having?" he says. "Eggs and bacon," she answers, leaving. Claire, 35, dark-haired, attractive, intelligent and tough, formerly his mistress, is now his wife. They were both married. Claire had an affair with McDermott for five. He recalls that Claire told her husband he told his wife on the same weekend that they wanted to divorce. "It was easy for Claire. It was a bloodbath for me."

Talking about his children reminds him of his own childhood. He says he is not conscious that his early experiences or his service time in the British navy influenced



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his basic rebellious nature, his concern for human rights. He was born in Portsmouth of Irish parents in the Depression years, his family one of Salvation Army soup kitchens and his father worked in jobs that "Englishmen reserved for Irishmen." He left school at 14, but the quick-witted, mischievous, the maverick in him, developed before then.

"In school I remember the rap of the British Empire was ordered to rest and the teacher was always sticking a down on throats about the great relief we had and how serious the rest of the world was. I said, 'If we have all this wealth and we're the greatest, like all these rich nations on the map outline, how come we're so poor and my dad doesn't have a job?' And the teacher went in my report card that this child has behavior tendencies."

At 17, he joined the navy and during World War II was the world's first around. He served on a destroyer on the distant Atlantic run and later became a commando and a fragman and killed every minute of it. "I saw a lot of action, but it's not proud of my life I don't like to talk about. It was a time of war." And there was his first successful organizing attempt. "I was on one ship that had a lieutenant who was a peace-enthusiast. He wanted to paint everything so we had a reef. We even had an engine—a guy's head in a pot on top of the. You know, the cadence for a ship officer was peg, which I think is a pretty perfect name. Before you got your marching in the reef you had to throw six peas into and six bottles overhead."

McDermott is at home, in his sixties, retired suburban schoolmaster, after the long day. He shows me around and gives a capsule history of where and when he bought the penicillin on his walls. He has retired painting after having stopped several years ago. As a painter he makes a good screen leader. "I will find it difficult to understand why he wants to be president of the C.I.C. Perhaps it's a sense of duty. Perhaps it's for the reason suggested by Stephen Lewis—there's been a long time for a long time and the indignity of having to take the rap for being a trade unionist without ever belonging to the world why he's proud to be a trade unionist."

"If I go to a cocktail party," McDermott is saying, "I am introduced as a trade union representative and people say, 'That's interesting, and what course are you with and what position do you occupy?' Then I have to spend the first two hours explaining myself and explaining and defending my very right to exist. I've developed a courtship technique. I find it all discover the occupation of the person whom I'm trying to join me down. Suppose I discover he is a drug dealer, I'll be a member of selling narcotics to him—again, turning off the police, all that sort of thing. He says, 'What a man, I'm not like that.' Then I say, 'You are Jimmy Hoffa, a star?'"

That could be it. The C.I.C. will become Dennis McDermott's focus.

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Gandhi with Grewyko just after the Janata victory in 1977. First came, first served

crackdown, and now, Indians too together embrace the agricultural community in the grip of a brutal one-sided class. The immediate goal of massive land reform is to provide more jobs for the already under-employed Indian work force. On Janata's drawing boards are high-flow schemes to create 100 million new Indian jobs by 1985—and that translates, on average, to 30,000 jobs every week, for the next 10 years. That's more money, much more than the \$3.5 billion in India's current foreign exchange reserves could finance on its own. The World's industrial nations are the prime source, \$6.7 billion in aid coming through the World Bank alone.

Faced with the unemployment crisis, which undeniably plagues India, it's ironic that Desai seems intent on driving a number of large, multi-national corporations out of the country through the steadily rigid application of legislation which has languished on the statute books for years. The two biggest firms to pull out so far are Intel and Coca-Cola: Intel postponed computer in India, and there are 30,000 of the electronic brain now building in various parts of the country. But by mid-1985, Intel will have closed its Indian doors for good because it refuses to obey a jingoistic Janata order to sell a majority of its shares to Indian individuals. Coca-Cola has left India because Janata dogmatically insisted that the firm share its soft drink technology with the Indians—specifically to reveal the ingredients which go into the top secret Coke mix. Since the recipe has always been locked in a safe in Atlanta, Georgia, and only a handful of senior Coke technologists have ever learned the precise details, Coke has chosen exile from India over a break in its security. Indians are chasing a locally produced substitute brand—“77”—so named for the year in which the Janata party took power.

To date, another 60 multinational companies have declared that they, too, plan to pull out of India because of the hard-scrabble manner in which the first elected industry minister, George Fernandes, is ransacking India's industrial or corporate ownership. Fernandes clearly is hypocritical by Chavla's rural industrial consciousness

"Where nothing inferior can produce, small industry shall eat," he insists. "What small can produce, medium shall eat. What medium can produce, big may eat." In effect, first keep the big factories out of the marketplace and then say cottage industries scattered out across the India countryside. Every large plant closing costs India jobs and drives up the price of mass-produced goods by eliminating mass production efficiency and competition.

In the field of foreign affairs, Desai has managed to keep both his Soviet cronies and his first world colleagues happy with developments in Delhi, lessening India's ties to Moscow just a bit and using President Jimmy Carter's visit to Delhi in January in an opportunity to re-balance the United States' 1971 "tilt" toward Pakistan. When Janata swept into power last March, a worried Andrew Grewyko was almost the first foreign diplomat to fly frantically in to Delhi, aware that Monu's major client on the subcontinent should not defect. Desai repaid the Russian visit to the full and supplies of Soviet replacement parts for India's tank forces and its military jet fleet have continued uninterrupted.

The widely publicized diplomatic gaffe during Carter's visit, when the President's references to a "cold and blue letter" to Desai on atomic fuel were pulled up by a low make, have had no apparent adverse influence on India-American relations. Desai has emerged from this snafu much larger in Indian eyes, a leader who was used up in Washington's passions—and rudeness—and still obtains the American-supplied cornmeal ammonium and heavy water needed for the construction of Indian atomic research and energy production. There's a kind of perverse pride in the India's boast that while it's still very much a backward agricultural nation of self-proclaimed pacifists, it's making the big countries of the world to have successfully exploded a nuclear weapon.

Negotiating his way through the intricate political tangle of nuclear cooperation in one thing: forcing Indians into a



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rate of suicides is another—yet Desai and Janta seem determined to bring total prohibition to India within four years. It would be his singular most significant triumph, for, yet the stubborn moralists down ahead. "There is no halfway house in this matter," he told followers not long ago. "It is not a matter of revenue but of happiness of people which is at danger at a risk of liquor." Of all the shrews in which to judge, Desai seems to be sitting at one of the most important, unignorable. Many of the Indian states are already dry. Even where liquor is legal, it is only available to the public on about 300 days a year with religious and secular holidays closing down the outlets. 261 days a year on average. Indian beer consumption totals a meagre one tenth of a litre per person per year.

But for Desai, it's a matter of an old crusade. When he was chief minister for Bombay a quarter century ago, he introduced total prohibition, with predictable Al Capone results. Bootlegging still bedeviled even millions of pilgrims of ritual bathing who which blinded, deafened or paralyzed in drinkers. Rural gangs shot a cat on the streets for control of the speakeasies. The police were almost completely corrupted by rampant racketeering. Desai stepped in with Bombay, Desai now seems an uncompromising as a national scale. "I do not think prohibition requires long argument. It only requires will," he preaches. So as new wine shop licenses are being granted and when the existing permits lapse, they will not be renewed.

Desai has been criticized for his tunnel vision on the subject of prohibition from every side. Editor Kulkarni Singh says: "High living is not so dangerous as poor thinking." The present-day moral point of view is captured by Dr. R. V. Rajan, former dean of Madras Medical College, who notes: "Total prohibition is not a matter of supernatural prudence, and it will be a real difficulty." Politicians have warned Desai that Indians will because of nationalistic sentiment—and that the Janta might well topple because of nationalistic sentiment. He once gave a powerful weapon when Desai admitted that he has been addicted to a drink himself for the past five or six years. It's "a glass of my own wine—about six to eight ounces—every morning. It is very good for you, and it is a nice life." Accord a disclaimer: "He'll have an all drinking his 'Murray' wine."

If prohibition isn't politically the dominant thrust for Desai and his wife-equipped Janta supporters, then perhaps the inalienable 60-year-old Indian Gandhi. A few years ago, the young Mrs. Gandhi was a New Yorker political convert, represented by the late Howard, scorned for the success of her 20-month "emergency" dictatorship and avoided for letting her unpopular son, Sanjay, order mass and violence around like a Caligula in a show. Today she's on the ground once again, drawing large crowds when she speaks, presiding over Indian civil service and

prospit politicians who loyalty to her will be rewarded when she returns to power and making a mockery of court attempts to hold her responsible for crimes committed in the last years of her rule. So far she's been arrested, released, then arrested by a judicial conscience—and the legal infighting has barely begun.

Mrs. Gandhi's current mission is the Shree Government—a governmental body set up in September to investigate the "incursion" of the emergency. Headed by J. C. Shukla, a retired Supreme Court chief justice, it first requested that Mrs. Gandhi appear to testify, and when she ducked the invitation it ordered her to the bar. She promptly refused to take (a) the witness

chair, (b) the oath and (c) any of the proceedings seriously. Her appearance at the central Public House to date have been known, with her either learning the commission on her right not to incriminate herself, or maintaining mass. Sanjay and most of the family are in the isidemic. Bonds of supporters usually appear on cue to break the commission members and create a mini-race riotous, bringing in the police swinging their clubs.

The benefit to Mrs. Gandhi is that she has remained a national personality very much in the political spotlight even though she no longer sits in the Lok Sabha (parliament) and has no direct influence on government. She demonstrated her will



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considerable muscle only recently when
the single-handedly led the 35-year-old
Congress Party and took the reins as its
new political slogan, heavily in-
fluenced by the Indian Congress Party. She
promptly consolidated her political pres-
ence in her breakaway party swept to
power in two big southern states: Karnataka
and Andhra Pradesh in elections in
the end of February.

While all that political scuffling has been
taking place inside the Congress unit,
Datta and Jaisankar have been busy looking
away at the financial gap were holding the
structure up. In a surprise move several
weeks ago, the government declared all
10,000, 5,000 and 1,000 rupee notes to be
illegal tender after a pre-announced date.
The thinking was that Congress had a huge
store of these large denomination notes to
the remainder of \$80 million illegally con-
tributed by big business.

Holdings were forced to turn the notes
over to India's Central Bank, account for
their origins, there was no use of equivalent
funds in legal, smaller denomination bills
would be returned to them. At the peak of
the drive, about 3,000 people a day in
Banswari were coming forward with loads
of big bills and some rather unimpressive
"excuses." On the black market, which
flourished in Banswari during the last days

Agriculture, thanks to two good harvests,
has saved Datta's popularity so far, but
his prohibition plans—Datta's second-
highest priority (left)—remains a sore
point. (right) Datta's brother with Ganes, father

of the demonstration drive. 1000 rupee
notes were going for 250 rupees, no ques-
tions asked. But there's been no indication
that the drive hurt the Congress or Con-
gress any more than it wounded the many
thousands of entrepreneurs in India who
have long made untaxed profits out of the
so-called "parallel economy," the current
euphemism for the broad variety of black
market transactions in which no money
has been legally involved.

That Datta and Jaisankar take India seri-
ously is convincing indication that the
political coalition ruling India today is well
together, held together not so much by a
commonality of political interests as by fear
of the opposition party and its apparent
desires. Congress Party leader J. R. Jayaprakash
has failed to convince a majority of his
members to vote change as much as a
power. Many voters have stuck under the
skinner 100% Hinduism of Datta's cabinet.
Jaisankar continues to argue that the lack
of progress is due to the problems in dis-
seminating 30 years of Congress rule, but
that story is now a little stale.

The former party knows it is led by an
83-year-old who despite the healthy vigor
quizzes he attributes to his union, cannot
be a long-range source of dynamic lead-
ership. It realizes that the electorate is
increasingly restless as prices rise and the
working population expands and
30,000 new, hungry mouths in the national
budget. Each day its politicians are
battered not by a warm election for Datta
nor an enthusiastic belief in all his pro-
grams, but rather by a fear of economic
collapse in the polls by a resurgent (Indian)
Congress Party which still has 36 years of
voter loyalty to draw upon. Also coming
up for the election is another Jaisankar and
the Marathi who unexpectedly captured Tri-
pathi in a recent election, a second was for
the Congressmen, following victory in West
Bengal last summer. The first anniversary
of its ascendancy to power is not a particu-
larly joyous one for Jaisankar.

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A straw in the wind

Where does Rod Biron stand? On both sides of the fence By David Thomas

The rural folk of L'Orléans County are stable, down-to-earth sorts who reject the fashionable label *québécois*, preferring *québécois* to mark their identity. These are the French Canadians who congregate among their English-speaking counterparts those nostalgic images of ascending sugar collars on spring heels, beaming apple cider at full and, in the deep of winter, Saturday night of fiddle music and stiff shirts of *gris gris*. In L'Orléans, separated between the St. Lawrence River and the Appalachian foothills northwest of Quebec City, that old Québécois dream is deceptively undisturbed by the smog of language and separation. Its in-

habitants worry more about milk quotas and the state of the roads mending the richest dairy land in Canada, roads busy with traffic only once a week. Sunday morning when farmers and their families dose past waypoints across, power jobs stands and century-old houses, capped by carnival-acrobatic roofs, as they converge on one of the silver-sheathed churches that still anchor rural Quebec to the fashions of race and religion. The political dreamers that these steady, unexcited people seek in the coming months could tip the balance in Quebec's referendum, for or against Confederation.

In the November, 1976 election that brought René Lévesque to power, L'Orléans and nine other mostly ridings ignored the savage fight between Libéraux and Progressifs, choosing the path over the future by young Union Nationale, a party crowded by the late but hardly forgotten nationalist Maurice Duplessis, who died in prison in 1959. Its new and politically sleepy leader Rodrigue Biron easily won the seat of L'Orléans and caused for the Union's

Biron apparently pleased at winning the Union National leadership in 1976, Biron's support of whatever sells.



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Nascent the allegiance of one in five voters across Quebec.

It was a return to normalcy in the head of retail dealings between Montreal and Quebec City which, after a well-orchestrated campaign by the Liberals in 1975, forsook the (U.S.) view of the (Q.) in fact, the current Liberal leadership fight between Claude Ryan and Raymond Gauthier.

Though a focus of white attention, hostility is not for many Quebecers and is not considered much of a threat to the party. Ironically Ryan may be better known outside Quebec than deep within its province. An advocate of modernizing Ryan began his career in the retail world. Ryan-Sud spent by convincing "I'm not sure that even half our readers have heard of (Ryan)." In any case, no matter what the Liberals choose as leader, Ryan and his Union Nationale voters have yet to convert themselves to the aggressively reformist or detachment from Canada. It is perhaps to assume they will vote for unity.

Words here cannot be accepted at face value. Consider, for example, in a term used in Quebec's recent constitution, well before Confederation and a nation's first disunion of the French colonies. An English-speaking Canadian is not a Canadian, but it is not to explain.

Reflexively, most Quebecers are furiously independent. In 1962, they rebelled against the constitution of the federal and provincial governments and the Church by voting, virtually as a man, against military conscription. That vote, federal or provincial, put in and French Quebec's disdain for English Canada's attachment to Britain. And it is important to bear in mind that a rural course (the Liberalism) problems (the Rodrigue Bouché) do not end there. They follow.

That is why the French evolution in party leader—a weekly drive from administration to shilly shoddy—has no real gang Ryan, elegant looking draped over his will, thin frame and a substantial black beard. Even his energy, however, is demonstrably evident on the issue of Quebec's independence referendum. "It would be premature and in bad faith to vote now the 'yes' or the 'no' before the question is decided." His independence is a cultural and reflects the ambiguity of mood of his voters. Ryan wants to be with the winners and it will not soon to take sides.

This French education patterned out early, but French wit and industry were then compromised. Having acquired a taste for more chicken and green peas during his stay in the highest ranking department of the Knights of Columbus service club in Boston, Ryan has now, two years ago, to leave his glad-handing charm in the constitution of the Union Nationale. Now 41 Ryan has achieved a respectable success by applying to politics the observer reports and businessman's eye for the promising deal to be acquired.

while founding the family sewer pipe business at Saint-Camille de Lorraine. Marketing is Ryan's strength and he is ready to switch from politics to the slightly different consumer market.

The fine dining model change was Ryan's language policy. Just after winning the party leadership in 1975, he called for a bilingualism in two terms: to make sure that French voters feel of understanding French domains since Ryan had insisted of French-speaking children about learn English to succeed in the business world and he admitted to his own language was limited to its marketability. "Our anglophone friends must understand that English is important to our economy. The Americans came to Quebec to see something different than the United States—the French fact. That's why we can replace English signs with French ones, simply because it is more easily readable for Quebec."

Montreal's English-speaking minority was established by French language legislation of 1974 which established the ceiling for a bilingual Quebec subsequently called in by the Parti Quebecois. The English sign was an obvious deterrent or plus and when the election was called, Ryan came on like Daddy Warbucks, tough and aggressive with a promise to restore official status to English. His English news-

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paper job instead. "I have not spoken your language."

The investment earned a merger of only one anglophone member, Pierre Cloutier. William Shaw, who quickly demonstrated a mélange of naiveté and clumsiness. After his first few days in the National Assembly, Shaw seemed fellow anglo members of asking out to the French. "In terms my stomach to hear people like [Shaw] Victor Goldstein speaking French. His voice is English and he should represent them in English." Shaw informed the assembly he would himself speak English because he was permanent French rights cause him to be misunderstood in that language. His election campaign was that still his elected colleagues had an easy command of English. But, in fact, he was.

Shaw embarrassed Brette and his party with Quebec attempts to organize the members of English Montreal from Quebec. When Shaw finally quit the party last month to start an independent, the right of relief within the Union Nationale had the best of a monolingual and English-speaking Liberals quickly withdrew to block the attempt should he try to join them.

Shaw's dimention was a matter of one more Brette, after winning all the single money as a bad debt, initiated a radically new language policy which differed only in time from the 1970s. "We are following the evolution of Quebec," Brette explained. But it was his evolution on the issue of Quebec's constitutional future that finally forced Shaw to depart. Brette refused to defend himself as "an accommodation federalist" and Shaw decided his leader's/union's approach to politics was dangerous. "He's looking for votes among *Pro Quebec* supporters and at the same time trying to retain the central back-

ing led. He's trying to have his cake and eat it too." A corresponding assessment comes from the union leader's brother Paul-Eric, a committed *Pro Quebec*. "Brette has absolutely no sense of social responsibility. But he does have a real sense for the well-being of others."

Brette does not dispute his working strategy and is proud to have turned the tactics of business to politics. The Union Nationale, he says, is "a moderate, rational party of the right" and is clearly, "moderate, rational and anglophones who don't panic."

With Shaw now out of the way, the continued automation of Brette's career will lead up their campaign to reject the party's *Pro Quebec* position. That is. Duplessis proved the country roads, brought electricity to the farms and made "geographical association" the popular creed. Brette is still in the hot, helping him the dead Union Nationale leader into a cold figure and removing the constitutional stigma of another late union premier. Donald Johnson, who demanded *Pro Quebec* on independence.

Brette now insists Quebec must have authority over immigration, communications, regional economic development and national affairs. He tells Quebecers they are "a people whose right to self-determination is cannot be denied."

Independence will rank below support as an issue in rural Quebec but the government is short to delay Brette with a show of its means designed to prove it can do a better job with agriculture than Ottawa. Federal control over milk production has turned the Ottawa government



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into the easily identifiable outline of a dairy farmer, smiling because of his affinity. The tractor stopped to reach the barn. Suddenly we told him we were going to see much into the southern soil that tracks should have made countless items of the old, upon which we sat. Throughout the rural landscape farmers and their bare feet on the ground to express their rage at "Another achievement of the federal government - a 20% drop in farm income." One of every four Quebec farmers will be forced this year to default on loans and to increase production of milk the federal government now doesn't want. Bases products.

If so, the US leader will be hard put to mount a vigorous defense of federalism during the referendum campaign. The majority appears to be so set as to be plotting by racial constituents and forcing the Union Nationale into the "yes" camp. At the very least, hopes the government, the Union Nationale can be openly split into opposing camps. (Bacon cannot safely sleep at the no drive for sovereignty so - in his two hours, he begs the government from another angle: it is the creation of the majority's destroying Quebec, not its independence issue.)

That's the kind of language a proponent of the 13-point plan might expect to see at the reception hall of the Oliver Twist stop at Leinster Mall. Mostly middle-aged men, these men and women are the "old" and "young" opponents in a continuing battle over the use of the English language. They are the "old" because they are so firmly set in their ways that they never learn to change. They are the "young" because they are so firmly set in their ways that they never learn to change. Their eyes glow like the depths of a pocket calculator as he coolly responds to their questions with a calm response to a comment or question. Not once do party masks cause the celebration of Conventions and when there is a change of the guard, the new guard is welcomed with a warm handshake and a warm smile. The new guard is welcomed with a warm handshake and a warm smile. The new guard is welcomed with a warm handshake and a warm smile.

Soon thereafter the issue will be faced by the government's reformers: campaigns and rural Quebecers will have to accept their latest introduction as well as they never thought possible. Their role will be less one of a leader than that of a banner. His study over the coming months will translate whether country conservatism will translate as a resistance to change or alternatively, as the traditional loyalty to the government of Quebec whenever Ottawa is passed in the face. Watch Rodrigue St-Hilaire. His art is pressed in the process, becoming sharply for sudden shifts of growth down among the grass roots. When he announces which way his party is going on the Quebec referendum, he is coming to be on the winner side.

The World

Violent Saturday

The kibbutz of Migdal Aza has on Israel's Mediterranean coastal coast. Rich in its living lands and spacious in its fields each year and on the spring Sabbath the sand is strewn with sand and sea shells. Sunday, March 11, however, was not an ordinary spring Sabbath. Government of the Palestine Liberation Organization's terrorist war at Fatah, clanking the river beach ponds in its own sand in rubber dinghies, went on a shooting rampage which Israeli officials later admitted had resulted in some 113 casualties including 37 dead. It was the worst-ever attack by Arab guerrillas on Israeli soil and, according to the *Mail on Sunday* in 1964 when 25 people, most of them children, were killed in a school strike.

What was just as serious, the attack coincided with—and was presumably designed to block—a promising new line of approach to an Israeli-Egyptian settlement: an Egyptian concession over the disputed West Bank territory.

As Israel covered its dead and wounded rigid military censorship and competing Israeli and PLO claims (the PLO boasted it had killed at least 58 Israeli "soldiers" and that its men were running at will along the southern coast) to say nothing of the confusion of the events themselves, made it difficult to trace a coherent sequence of events. But it appeared that about a dozen guerrillas were involved in a crazy shooting spree in which they hijacked two buses and blasted their way to the outskirts of Tel Aviv.

The Bonnie and Clyde journey started when, after coming ashore, the guerrillas made their way to the Tel Aviv-Haifa gap: a narrow, treeless road, sealed two ways and bordered

Israel fronts parading the
Tel Aviv skyline for terrorist
Sunday: sudden death

south towards Tel Aviv, 50 miles away

They shot a second dropped a bus, loaded the 15-20 dead survivors back on board and continued on their way. Driving at passing cars, until they met a second bus, carrying 50 tourists on a cave tour. Some of the passengers were sleeping. Others singing, when the first terrorist bullets tipped into the coach, hitting the driver and a person sitting next to him. The bus veered off the road and came to a halt. All the passengers were herded one-by-one but the horror show got back on the road.

"They are shouting 'To Tel Aviv, To Tel Aviv,'" said Avraham Shalom, one of the passengers. "They said they wouldn't let us off if we did what they said, but they were shouting all the time." As the Israeli huddled near the door, someone firing over their heads, the bus circled around a police jeep parked across the road, smashed through a second road block 13 miles south of the city and was finally halted by a more solid security barrier a mere mile or so from the city.

"Suddenly we were being shot at from all directions," said Shriver. "It was hellfire." Shriver raised a gun from one terrorist, shot at two more and was wounded himself in the foot, arm and shoulder. Then, as the terrorists tried to blast their way clear, one of them lobbed a grenade back into the bus. There were two more explosions and the vehicle blew up.

Arboretum Israel's troops combed the nearby sand dunes for the scorpions while ambulances shuttled to and from the charred and gutted bus. At least 25 bodies were found inside, one of them a five-year-old girl clutching a teddybear. Police found one wounded terrorist near the wrecked vehicle, but the hurt conveyed for these others and the entire district's 300,000 inhabitants were placed under curfew.

As the search continued into a second day, in cold and blustery weather, worldwide condemnation of the attack poured



An Israeli trooper administering aid to a wounded female PLO terrorist for one side, at least, civilization didn't stop.

in President Jimmy Carter sent a message to Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin (who had immediately cancelled a planned trip to Washington for further Middle East peace talks) expressing his revulsion at the "cowardly and senseless attack". There were similar responses from other world leaders.

Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu (who interrupted his U.S. visit on hearing the news) and the rest of the Israeli cabinet met to consider possible retaliatory actions and Barak later issued a





A terrorist, wounded in the attack, is lifted to his feet by comrades for transport before he is hospital. No one remains dead.

statement labeling the Muslim "most despicable organisation to arise since the Nazis."

His astonished preoccupation was understandable. It was felt to be an Egyptian Foreign Minister Nasser Ghali in the east, to put into words what was worrying the rest of the world: Said Ghali. "My only hope is that this will not stop the process of peace." He had to wait 24 hours for his answer from a grieving Egypt. But when it came, it was the right one. "Effort is to be made in Egypt to make the agreement, this bloody event should not prevent a thorough negotiation."

ETHIOPIA

In dubious battle

For three decades the people of the northern Ethiopian province of Eritrea have been fighting for their independence. Early in 1981 they had won control of 90% of their homeland. But the bloody world of power politics has turned against them and they face the full fury of a Russian/Cuban/Ethiopian assault. Mikhail's correspondent George Somerville, back from a four-week stay with the rebels, and his friend, a young Ethiopian warlord, in the trenches above Asmara, filed this report from the safety of the Eritrean capital, Asmara.

"6300 GMT this is London. The carefully-phased and cultured tones of the

person doesn't want to risk they capture him there are three guns. Russian Asmara troops are firing, the day before with three new Soviet-made rocket launchers, the ones they call Strelas. They look very impressive but Tefla and his comrades laugh at them. "They make a great noise but they don't do much damage," he says.

Shooting back into the trench Tefla puts an estimated 200 rounds among his colleagues. Early morning is the time for the political discussion. Today the subject is the Somali withdrawal. In the next few minutes a consensus emerges: the Somalis made a gross error of judgment in expecting the United States and the other Western powers to come to their aid.

One of the basic philosophies of the Eritrean fighters is that they must be self-reliant whatever the case. They acknowledge gratefully the aid given by the Sudan, Libya, Kuwait, Syria and the Palestine Liberation Organisation. Yet Eritreans are taught that they must contain their struggle for independence as though all such aid might cease immediately.

On the question of the military implications of the Somali exit the unit's views are divided. Some of the younger men have been saying for months that the early rejection of their fight for independence has been lost: that the classic guerrilla tactics which resulted in the rapid liberation of territory in Korea, Cuba and now China have been abandoned. In their eyes the war has become conventional. "Sitting in a trench all day allowing the enemy to hit you with bombs, rockets and artillery is not how to capture Asmara. We must strike now. Before the Ethiopians have a chance to move forces from the South," they cry out. The older men say the time has not yet come: that the enemy will be starved out.

Briefly the discussion then turns to the Russian involvement in the targeted and bloody attack of the Horn of Africa. No one has much to say. There was a time



when the Soviet Union supported the Eritrean but the aid of superpower politics ebbs and flows and now the Russians are fighting with the enemy, helping to suppress the "revolutionary fighters" they once championed. Perhaps, say Tefla and his friends, the Russians have made a mistake? A senior has been asking that the Eritrean has been having secret contact with Moscow again recently. But nothing is for sure. The unit's political officer, who has been taking notes, says: "Later he will make his daily report to the local commanders, meanwhile there is a fight to be done."

Their strategy on the Asmara front is simply to contain the garrison in the city. The Ethiopians regularly try to break out to take the main road to the capital, Addis Ababa. They also need access to the water supply in the western suburbs of the city. Asmara is short of water and the small dam

there is vital. So the Eritreans try to vigilance. The need is all the greater because the situation of the besieged front is held by the Eritrean and less well-organized of the revolutionary movements. The garrison has explored the weak link frequently and the Eritreans have been ready to react in retaliation.

Both sides know that control of Asmara is crucial. To the Eritreans, its capture would mean international recognition and acceptance. To the Ethiopians, to lose it would mean the fall of the regime of Mengistu Haile Mariam. So daily Ethiopian F-5 Mig-17 and Mi-21 jet strikes swirl like the air, pounding guerrilla positions, while overhead drones are endless streams of transport planes hanging in constant formation and supporting the garrison of 20,000. The civilians have to buy what they can on the black market. An endless stream of refugees and military deserters makes the bad conditions of the garrison and the crisis.

Tefla is not the only member of his family fighting in the Eritrean life but a brother in the frontlines in the nearby port of Massawa. There, the Eritrean controlled 80% of the city, with the Ethiopians entrenched in the port and dockyard area. Russian and Ethiopian warships anchored five miles out to sea keep up a desultory barrage of shells and rocket salvoes from ship-mounted Strelas Organs. Even if the Ethiopian garrison was to be pushed into the sea the shelling and salvo would continue. Blinded by the ever present threat of air attacks, normal life in the once lush coastal port city of Massawa would be impossible.

In the other border towns in villages a number of guerrilla life exist. Tefla's water is a "right" in the Eritrean department of mass organisations in Eritrea's second city of Keren. Before the revolution the would have been relegated to the life of second class citizen. But peace would have brought a marriage for her and she would have been confined to life

LPL women in holding last September. The war goes not badly if you see it

beyond the veil. Now she carries her 10-year-old Kishu, a girl, along carefully over her shoulder as the anti-aircraft gunners pour displaced persons, and women, police, and children, to school each evening.

The only concession made by the Eritreans to the fact that it is wartime is that schools now operate at night, to avoid the potentially disastrous effects of daylight bombing. Ethiopian aerials concentrate entirely on civilian targets. Keren's hospital was hit by a 250 kg bomb and one person was killed in the great market. Other bombed towns and villages, notably Dekemariam and Adi Hareze, have fallen victim to systematically laid phosphorus bombs as well as napalm. In both cases, war has military activity immediately nearby.

For Eritrean life, Tefla, who is all part of the war, ignoring the phosphorus bombs, Eritreans with the dedication of Tefla's sister are rapidly constructing a viable society. Eritrea has always been a fertile land and in these liberated areas which have seen a complete growing season under independence, the harvest has been greater than ever.

However, the "Eritrean problem" caused by the United Nations as long ago as 1949 will exist in the long Eritrean future. They are estimated to be upwards of 70,000 Eritrean refugees, some as much as Sweden and the United States have several thousand more. And now that the Eritrean government can turn its mind to an attempt to Eritrea it is surely likely that the 21,000 Eritrean refugees will be able to withstand the storm of fire that will be turned against them. The tactical approach in the hills above Asmara may already have been turned forth by over-whelming odds, by the time these words are read.

Somali arms taken by the Ethiopians last month in Ogaden, just a matter of time



People

On the night of March 8, **Chappelle Jett** starred in a major cable television production of Carol Roth's *One Night Stand*. But she didn't get to go to her hotel about the same time she was onstage doing the opening night performance of *The Diviner Of Delirium*, the latest entry in the Vampire Squad's (properly) North America. She's not a brat. Incidentally, she's the Coolest—the first woman (so far as anyone knows) to play him anywhere. To compare the oddity, the curls she so portrayed in *One Night Stand* have been re-

duced and we got together and she was looking down in a quarter of an inch. Then we started to shove. It looks funny, but I don't dislike it. I'm so concerned about playing Delirium that I don't care."

The new generation of reality is freaky—those with early television (pob!) in look book on—will be puzzled to know that Wiley and The Belter are together again. *What Love Is To Do* never met it off the air in 1994 the Cleaver brothers—**Tony Dew** as Wiley, **Jerry Mathers** in *The Belter*—

Don Jett and **Mathers** when they were leaving it to **Robert**, side by side again.

are continuing in a revival of *Belter*. Jerry, a 31-year-old French (first) that bombed on Broadway back in 1965, and then died again in a movie. They did it for right works in Kansas City and have just opened in St. Petersburg, Florida. Dew is 32, and sword just the same as he did 15 years ago. Mathers is 29, his voice has changed.

In the last couple of weeks **Roger Moore**, who plays *Hamlet's* septuagenarian, **Jerri Bond** and **Lee Majors** who plays the television equivalent, Steve Austin, have talked about how nobody takes them seriously as actors. How they talk about it is quite amusing. Majors claims that he is never given any recognition for his skills, but "not once have I been offered a film by the studio [Universal, which produces the *Star Million Dollar Man*] in the five years I've been working here. It makes me feel that the studio hasn't ever appreciated my abilities." Moore, on the other hand, is quite candid about himself. "I'm the loneliest actor in Christendom." He gives had Conrad advising him, in keeping with his limited talent, to grab every part offered him. His quote is director warning him to keep smiling on stage or before a camera. "I've been somebody's room tonight as a hero." "Well, I've adhered to those pieces of advice implicitly and here I am—battered a bit by age and experience but still a good actor."

was this separation, looking at the moment in the collage which brought together in the last Season and early Season. Mathers who did five years in the U.S. Air Force was in one point rejected killed in Vietnam, he still doesn't know what act off that published a year since he was never near this place. He went into real estate. Dew was construction, but right now they

decided in the shortest of crew duties—something Logan and Lee never thought of. "When I'm playing a part," Jett explains, "I think, 'how would my appearance be?' I thought several months ago. 'My hair, it has to go.' We all discussed it

When Dr. Frankenstein said about his most published work, his intent was to create a perfect man. We'll know the results. **Beauville Wilks**, it seems, was all ready to take the chance. The former Hawaii car salesman, so enamored of *Steve Presley* that he just had to have his face actually underwent plastic surgery to get it. Sadly, he did not. When the beard came off, Wilks—who had some aspirations to look super-stardom—despite a lack of democratic skill in that area—did not look even a little like his hero. He does, however, look like **Wayne Newton**. Oh well. Igor back to the drawing board.

Primary **Chappelle**, **Wiley** (center) and **Newton** (right). Well, it wasn't a total loss.



Business

There's life in the oil fields yet

It all began as a day of the long-lost Alberta Energy Minister Don Gilly—not a notably glamorous politician—finished his way into taking a tip out at a Heritage Savings and Fund raising at Edmonton last September that was indeed Alberta will be plenty of black gold left. Take that West Pemmian find for instance. Biggest strike in over a decade. This was born the great West Pemmian oil rush and possibly the national energy pushback.

Pemmian, Alberta, a desolate place located about 75 miles west of Edmonton. But according to who you believe there is enough oil in the new discovery to supply the country for a long time (one to two billion barrels) or merely enough to make a number of already moderately rich Californians very rich. Considering Pemmian had already contributed Canada's largest oil field (1.7 billion barrels) it might be thought that little more remained to be discovered in the area. In fact, nearly everybody in the industry (Albertans only recognize one real industry) thought precisely that for the quarter of a century since the discovery of the first Pemmian field about 3,000 feet below the surface back in the 1930s. The fact that one company Chevron Standard Ltd., a subsidiary of the Seven-Sister Standard Oil Co. of California, didn't share the news resulted from a combination of a few new wrinkles on some highly sophisticated exploration technology, a good deal of savvy on the part of provincial bureaucrats and a lot of luck. Most of the early discoveries in the western plains were great ones or at least lakes of oil—except ground sandstone lying about one mile under the surface of the earth. As such they were fairly easy to spot even with the rudimentary technology that was in use.

When Chevron began to look at the West Pemmian area early in 1974, the company was looking at a part of the world that was assumed to be completely devoid of any Pemmian-type producers—No-

ah, Anson, Texas—oil. But recently miles of seismic cross sections as a rule of the days when they had made the biggest oil strike in Canadian history. What they saw on the cross sections was what they had been predicting for years—a very large oil reservoir at a depth of between 5,000 and 7,000 feet and nothing else.

But what? Gerry Henderson vice-president of exploration

and his team at Chevron saw an immense potential in much lower strata at a depth of about two miles. Henderson, who was a member of the venerable McMillan Class of '40 (fellow alumni include Jack Parra, the near legendary president of Ranger Oil (Canada) Ltd., Peter Budgey and numerous other oil millionaires), had amassed a world-leading geologist team. His company, backed by one of the finest exploration technologies in the world courtesy of the Chevron Research Laboratories of California, had both the hard and the soft ware.

They needed it. Unlike the broad expanse of the Pemmian field the West Pemmian oil is located in thin vertical cones (called pinnacle reefs) of rock. It is some geologists noted "like trying to find a purple two miles down." Difficult. But in



Henderson studying a seismic section of the West Pemmian area, and (left) a rig already drilling there. It is just where what you did it you dig down enough.

the need for a match for the roychest estate at multiple stock sensitive exposures, the latest in computer digital analysis and the renewed horsepower of Chevron's geological and geophysical talent. By the fall of 1974 another tremendous excitement the team made an first deep discovery.

During the next two years Chevron skidded away more of these princely profits. Because many of these big land already spoken for by the completion the company was presented with the not-unusual problem of acquiring the rights without giving the parties over. Here the classic tactic is to use the small independent local Canadian-owned exploration company to purchase the acreage required. Chevron extended the principle right up to the drilling stage setting the tone of secrecy which was to become a hallmark of the operation.

In buying the acreage they needed the Chevron exploration executives were aided by the recent invasion in Alberta of refinery regulations which well less computer which they were actively exploiting the rock deeper than they now do investigate their rights to the Crown by 1982. Given the choice of selling the rights to some obscure independent—in this case a striking force for Chevron—or having them confiscated in five years by the province, many companies bluffed and unwittingly discarded the licenses in oil wells on which they were sitting.

But the oil had to wait until late fall when Don Getty, Alberta's minister for natural resources, stung by a move by one of the local university that the endowment of Alberta oil might dry up ahead of schedule. Blurred out the significance of the Chevron discovery. Within three months, freemove bidding by large parts of the oil industry which had required the potential of the West Norberta had poised Alberta petroleum land lease revenues up to a record \$380 million—\$409 million more than the previous single year record set in 1978.

The oil rush also opened up the summer tide of petroleum politics as well. With the news of the bid, the realization that the bid was very special people crowded on a large number of potential employers at the same time. And occasionally departing employers have been known to take the summer of their former employees with them.

Because Chevron is under an contract to its largely responsible to much say big oil made by comparison with the major with its own oil, some of the talent that led to the original discoveries. This has caused an understandable paranoia among the Chevron management.

The West Norberta oil flow has not nearly run its course. The first major oil bid in nearly 15 years is to be announced in Alberta in mid the private jets that shoot along the Houston/Calgary corridor. A great deal more is definitely in the off

Sports

The Serfs Of Summer

By Roy MacGregor

It seems in many ways as if players were gathered in Dundas Florida for the March training camp of the Toronto Blue Jays. Peter Revere, the club's 35-year-old president, sat sheltered from the Gulf winds in a warm trailer, his finger joints cramping oddly with the postgame weakness of his right hand. In his wallet was a grey union card—Local 779 of the Retail Clerks International Association dated January, 1963—but there was far more danger than a mere 15 years between the card and what he found to say about contract negotiations. "We must be firm—otherwise we may as well sit up a cash register on the desk and let them take what they want." Through a window he looked from the player's stand money to the field, now judging other kinds of far persons into the grass. Talking as well as flatter Bob Baker put it: "not about girls or even baseball, but about how cheap the club is." It was difficult to recall that only a year ago about 10 laughing blue jays stood out from the crowd, while the many members of the Canadian media stood in the sun and loudly applauded. There is nothing in cheer about this year though not from a lack of superlatives: the team was, after all, the worst in all baseball, was the most successful since baseball in history and according to the players, was ready to be the champion. On this day there were heavy clouds over Dundas's Green Field and last year's triumph was only a faded memory.

"We are through with contract negotiations," Revere announced to the media. He tapped his cigarette reasonably. "It is a time now to concentrate on baseball." He spoke only to a reporter who needed to know how hard a difficulty getting agreement from the 15 players who only the day before had said their contract was automatically renewed by the club. Because the players were young professionals with less than two years big-league experience, they were in effect, baseball's "college" for the most talented players who as Revere had to estimate \$700,000 a year in a free agent, the players' association interferes the brand-new players, meaning the owner can do as they wish with them.

It entered contracts because hockey without so much as the player's governing agreement and the owners could pay them whatever they decided, provided it was no less than 20% under what the player made in 1971. Last year, incidentally, the average blue jay made \$34,300, which was not like a great deal in the average person, but it is not even half the \$76,300 the average big-leaguer received or even a quarter the \$319,900 the average Philadelphia Philly

in paid. The Blue Jays did after all, make an estimated \$35-million profit at a time when even established sports clubs pay nightly just to break even.

But the team can't make money there all would have been resources to show upon. While most teams are covered either by wealthy businessmen or investors, the Blue Jays had both (R. Howard Wehrer and Robert's who both own 5%) and even had a large bank (Citibank) in the pocket change, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce with 10%. A year ago Baker and openly doubted there was a sports franchise anywhere with as much financial clout.

Revere was obviously not about to head evenly. He was tough and hard-nosed, but at least he was candidly open about it. What Revere was keeping in himself and what might have led to open hostility had the players known, was that the Blue Jays had established a two-million-dollar fund over the winter, a fund specially earmarked for the purchase of new, highly talented and fresh blood into the spring arrangements came to end. Players denied a raise now could be cleared even work slowly.

Only one of the Blue Jays' second baseman Steve Stigg, fairly reduced even to report to camp. He sat by his phone book on Colorado. Making for casual talks that never came. A contract had arrived in the mail.

He was in his Toronto office (right) and Revere in the mound (left) this year. The Blue Jays were happy losers, the way it's going, this year they just be losers.



rights that it must have been a mistake—offering only \$21,000 for 1978, which is the major league's minimum, and which he claimed would be a decrease from the contract he had signed a year ago. The cocky infielder had been popular with Blue Jays fans for not managing, and he had years much of his fall preparing a highly detailed 18-page paper of self-criticism for the president in the top 10% of his infield (per group) and to be read called for \$250,000 over three years. But the club showed little interest in listening. He had a contract, it did not need his opinion, and he could take it or leave it. "I will not be treated for baseball's sake," Stigg said. "I hope it is not the club's intention to treat me as a solid statistic who has to be broken, but that's exactly the attitude they're presenting me with."

On the speaker's other side was Bob Baker, whose baseball promise is to Stigg's wife the Florida woman in a Colorado's union. Baker had come to Toronto without a contract but secure in the knowledge that he was the team's best player in 1977, would naturally and easily be his first success to the compounding interests of the club last year, while earning \$38,000 Baker he well enough \$100 to set a record for expansion clubs and was set for several off his last roster team. He left he had played his own part, and that a lefty time was due, perhaps even more than the \$76,000 he and Revere had discussed casually last September. But when Baker turned up in the winter with an agent, in tow and a request for around \$210,000 over two years, the discussion with Revere ended sharply. "It was pretty embarrassing for me," Baker told the others. But ended up with an automatic renewal of his contract, \$30,000 for one year only, take it or leave it. "I will not be financing for any longer under that contract," Baker said while sitting quietly in the clubhouse.

"When we met he pretty much said he was doing me a big favor by letting me play," Baker said of his meeting in Toronto with Revere. Revere's claim was "No agent can sign his player—not even Bob Baker—thought people into the left park. We drew well last year, but so thanks to the way the press played it, that Baker considered." Maybe he's right, but he didn't do anything to get the people in either. They would have come anyway."

Well, maybe, but not likely. Back in the spring of 1978, when Don McDougall, the president of Labatt Breweries of Canada Ltd., arranged to buy the team, Revere was on breakfast at the Century Plaza in Los Angeles. He already knew Revere was the right man. "We wanted someone who would operate both the baseball and the marketing," says McDougall, and seven or few operations don't have those interests divided. Revere had already proven he could master both tasks.

The baseball knowledge he learned through counsel from his father, Bruce Revere, whose baseball credentials have been recognized by the Montreal, St. Louis, Brooklyn and Los Angeles Dodgers, San Diego Padres and currently the California Angels. As the child goes, the younger Revere's first memories are of baseball, but his second memories are of not being as interested in the game as his father. He came from the block, where what Revere's young Peter was how the concessions were run but he grew up dreaming one day of managing his own sport market. But baseball was not, was badly, and he had to be the graduate of 1964, when he developed a philosophy mirrored by high-school sweetheart (and recent UCLA House Caucus Queen) and took her to a baseball game on the first day of their honeymoon knowing he was probably looking stink into his father's shoes, that with the Dodgers showed no competence in learning his work in Albuquerque for the Dodger team longer than there. And he quickly demonstrated a genius for promotion and management. He always worked 12 hours a day, right from the start," says Bruce Revere. "He had common sense was interested in the financial side of it and was conservative." He was also interested in taking action and pushing chairs he moved in quickly going to his father in the San Diego Padres in 1968, and by 1973 was general manager and vice-president of the team. As for the marketing, he came by some of his convictions on his own and much more came from his association with Ray Kroc, the Chicago businessman who the Padres and who created the McDonald's hamburger chain. "I was, I know who might have you could 'let the model if you don't have the model."

Revere began immediately with a multi-million-dollar display of promotion, the first day after he was appointed by the Blue Jays on June 18, 1978. He played 100 and talked his old friend, Roy Halladay into managing the





Toronto club. Evans then held off the announcement for three months and four days, keeping the press speculating. Only when the press slowed down on Blue Jays news did Evans finally announce the Harbfield appointment, instead, as he put it, for "best press impact."

Beginning in Toronto "without so much as a paper clip," Evans managed to secure a general baseball lease on a stadium for months. He did a by-dining himself 18 hours a day. "I am consumed totally by what I do," he says without remorse. And he expects notes from those he hires.

On the first day of last year's first spring training camp, Evans focused his players on always signing autographs, on flipping hats to the crowd and on the quest of sharp catches and clean-thrown balls. He proceeded due fans by signing each one, including parents in blue parkas that said "I'm behind the Blue Jays." He turned down The Human Bean who wanted to place himself in a coffin and blow himself up at home plate on July 1. And when he okayed a souvenir hat for fan for the opening ceremony he turned down samples until the blue dye was considered dark enough to conceal apples.

Throughout the first year, thanks to Evans's diligence, the Toronto Blue Jays could only be perceived by the public to be a happy, respectably clean family—a refreshing and welcome change in the self-centered world of modern professional sports. It was an image shaped and cultivated by Evans, and protected so carefully that he was even disturbed by a confidential source (and later had them collected) to his employees saying there to get on the phone and help lead a Toronto Sun poll on whether players have a right to long hair.

and beard. He kept the "family image" firmly intact the first season. But the first season ended in 1978 to see the team fall even further? (It was expected that some of the supposed \$3.5-million profit might be used to purchase a few genuine players from the unknown free-agent draft, but though the Blue Jays drilled only young Lyman Bessack they could not come to terms. Bessack wanted \$2.5 and less over 5 years and Evans could not part with that much. Not according to the unhappy players in the Dunedin camp, could Evans easily part with petty cash in their direction. Young Jerry Gernia—who had the lowest overall run average among all Blue Jays starting pitchers last year—was named to two nookie strike teams—had been hoping for \$30,000 and was holding a renewal contract for less than half that.

The mood of the second year camp was of a family going through a divorce, and Evans was not helping matters (judicial) by privately referring to some players as "bait"—baseball terminology for mothball batters to start uniforms on. He even seemed to be enjoying the players' misery. "Gripping might be good for them," he said. "We lost 100 games last year with a happy team. The New York Yankees had some griping. I'm told—and they won a World Series." As for the one player who refused to report, Bessack said, "It doesn't matter. We still continue to grow without him."

The New York Yankees had some griping. I'm told—and they won a World Series." As for the one player who refused to report, Bessack said, "It doesn't matter. We still continue to grow without him."

In Steve Stigg's case that is probably true, but the Blue Jays could hardly afford to pay the salary of Bob Barker, the most visible and popular of all Blue Jays. And eventually Bessack's mouth closed and his eyes opened to see what an unhappy Barker could do to the club. The time had obviously come for Evans to put a lucky charm about Barker and with him across the empty field to the dugout. They sat and talked. Then they talked for three hours more in Evans's office, and when it was all over Barker had a new contract for around \$40,000. The win was totally happy, he was allowed going to sleep quiet, and not for the opening day. As for Steve Stigg, he could go by his phone forever, for all anyone seemed to care.

Barker sat back on his chair in the trailer, not a hand through his hair and laughed nervously. "A vision of enjoyment," he said. "Yeah, I liked that when I first said it, but I liked it up this winter and 'vision' has a negative connotation to it, you know. Now I'm looking for a new word." He removed his glasses and rubbed where the frame sat against his nose, rubbed and thought. "Memory? We're talking 'memory'—maybe 'no 'memory.' That's no 'memory'!"

No that's not it. In looking for a replacement for the "vision" of the Blue Jays he had only one prayer and look at the word anyway: "memory." And welcome to it.

Know something no you know what (Stigg), and Barker. Backed by coefficient from Evans and third baseman Roy Howell, doing a little promotion for the team maintaining the "vision of enjoyment."



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Lifestyles

The (well-scrubbed) face on the barroom floor

One midnight last fall, Edmonton tavern owner Ernie Wolter ordered a rock band playing in his pub the Kingsway, to pick it up for the night. The band refused, so he pulled the plug on the power. With that, the 750 customers remaining in the 600-seat tavern turned ugly. Barrels rolled, the crowd spilled into the parking lot and a squad of police reinforcements had to be rushed in to put down the mini-riot. At the time, the brawl was just a typical tavern happening in Alberta. But it may have been an historic last whorlop: the beer bars that spawn nightly rowdiness and sometimes are being banished. Spurring up in their place are expensive dining spas—featuring waterfronts, chef-wielded, palm trees and dress regulations. "The new people are drinking in the new taverns," says Peter Elliott, chairman of the Alberta Liquor Control Board (ALCB), "but they look a lot different." They are, tavern owners report, behaving a lot

Calgary's western wind: Westerners live, representing the "barroom barroom," and the livelier look of the same city's Crossroads (right), one of the "new" taverns.

better and the velvet chains and porno pants.

Elliott dropped the ALCB's banishment two years ago. Taverns would have to be purchased and dressed up. "I'll want over the old provincial head balker," laughs Elliott. When nothing happened the state and liquor and concrete. The cannot was that liquor board controls on the retail price of beer would be dropped; the state was the threat to refuse license renewals if

concessions weren't complete by the end of April. That got tavern owners moving and the redecorating—especially in Calgary—has gone beyond anything the liquor board expected. Some tavern owners in Calgary and Edmonton are spending up to \$500,000 on their turnkey-up and remodeling projects and the results are giving private club patrons to what were some of the bleakest drinking spots in Canada.

Alberta beer parlors have traditionally reflected the province's big-city mentality. Many housed 600 seats and tavern owners seemed to compete with one another for the worst decor. Music, dancing, food and rooms small enough to allow conversations were discouraged on the theory, presumably, that people wouldn't linger so long if they were uncomfortable. Instead, people



stayed and, with nothing to do but swell beer, they got ratty-ried drunk. That turned into trouble in the early 1970s when liquor board rules were amended to allow taverns to serve hard liquor and feature live music. Restless customers annoyed themselves drinking in drags, starting fights and carrying up the furniture. One month last spring, Edmonton police refused two licensing, two buildings and a bottle amnesty which left the nation with 15 stretches.

Calgary's Crossroads Motor Hotel, where the wash room were consistently vandalized before the redecorating, has a new pub-parlor with a table or a few. The older place is 3500-1000 or so, says manager Jim Scott. To comply with the liquor board directives—top seating for 200 in a bar, 250 if there's dancing—the Crossroads converted 125 seats in three pieces a Tucson, which has two fireplace pits surrounded by a plush, soft-lined conversation pit, a games alcove filled with pool and video machines, a pool corner and a dance floor surrounded by 4000 fluorescent lights. The sound-and-light system makes the music. Soundwise, "A few look down says a customer: 'The Crossroads' Quasi Bar, overlooking the swimming pool in the lobby, is an even more startling departure from Early Alberta Tavern architecture. It's done up to look like a prehistoric cave. A Goddard wall dogs water: tropical trees drive under the white glass roof, waterfalls and art fountains. The old, draft-laden beer tables and hard-backed chairs have been replaced by mission-style glass tables and white leather armchairs served by waitresses in floor-length evening gowns.

Sharon Calgary controller Dave Halpern says it is too early to tell whether the new taverns will make enough money to justify their expensive decorating jobs. His downtown hotel converted its 575-seat bar into a 250-seat tavern and a new one is planned. The new taverns are small, some called Daddy's Money and a 125-seat, piano-laid bar, the "Washroom" to ensure they make money, some have been taken over from 70 to 100 seats a bottle in \$1.25 on top of a dancing bar cover charge that averages \$1.50. Given the contrast with a 15-cent beer in the bar (but beer because they're selling more fancy drinks), A Man Tin (available in old taverns) costs \$4.95 on its new setting. It's the end of an era for Alberta taverns, and the customers of the transformation have better plans, draft beer and live music. Many of the new taverns have replaced inexpensive draft in favor of higher-priced bottled beer, which is easier to store and serve. Rock bands making \$4,000 a week have been replaced by the draft beer concern in favor of the cheap, so-called disco drink. And most dancing bars now have dress regulations because, as one manager says, "the guy in jeans and work boots has a different attitude toward his surroundings than the same guy in a suit with his hair in tow." —JENNIFER JARVIS

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Religion

The Jehovah Factor

If there is one belief, one doctrine shared by scientists through the ages, it is this: nothing is unknowable, nothing can escape clarification by the scientific method. But now, it seems that evolution is filtering some scientists' old faith of defeat—at the hands of their own equations. The more autonomous learn about the early history of the universe, the more convinced they become that they will never know how it went into being.

"The question nature has drawn over the creation is far more than we imagined," concludes Robert Jurewicz, who has written a book on the subject, *Unleash The Star Diver* (W. W. Norton and Co. Inc., \$14.75). "It now seems too dense to be penetrated by any conceivable method of investigation." It makes just as much sense, one could conclude, to believe God created the world. Jurewicz, 32, is director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, a division of NASA, the U.S. space agency. He is also an agnostic, but he insists that it is science itself which has brought agnosticism face to face with the problem of God. Evidence has been piling up for decades, but scientists have chosen to ignore it. "Even Einstein couldn't come to grips with it. His general theory of relativity predicted the universe, but it was years before he reluctantly accepted what his own equations showed."

According to late 20th-century evolutionary gospel, the history of our universe is a 20-billion-year saga leading from violence to relative tranquility. In the first moments of its existence the universe was a

compressed mass of unimaginable density, ruled by the heat of an explosion beyond comprehension—the so-called cosmic egg. The shock of this instant—they call it the Big Bang—was creation—destroyed every particle of evidence that could have sealed a door to the origin. All forces or situations that existed before the explosion appeared as forever concealed behind the impenetrable screen of the instant of birth. So the theory goes. And the conclusion seems almost dense—obscurely—is that if there is a sound scientific explanation for the explosive origin of the universe, they will never know what it is.

For scientists, that is tantamount to blasphemy. To admit that something that can be observed and measured has an unknowable cause conjures up a realm of faith and magic—precisely what science has tried to banish. "It's like a bad dream," remarks a physicist. "We climb the highest mountain in science and we find the troughs have been sitting there for centuries." **—TIMOTHY BUCKENHAM**

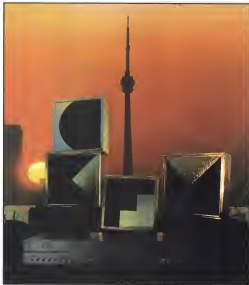
The uncomfortable pew

As born a digging staff into the flank of the Anglican Church of Canada, Edmonton diocesan Rev. Carmine deCameron was asked to leave Ottawa's St. Basil's Church early this year for attempting to lead his congregation into the breakaway Anglican Church of North America. Two years in the making in the United States, the schism became fact on January 28 when four bishops were consecrated as heads of a new "purified" church in Denver, Colorado. The bishops strongly oppose the recent ordination of women, con-

sidered as proverbs and liberalized attitudes to divorce, abortion and homosexuality, and they hope to attract all Anglicans and Episcopians who share their concern. That same autumn is what deCameron calls the essential duties of Christianity: "work, prayer and Christian teaching."

Only three clergy and 150 laymen have joined in Canada so far, but at a time when Anglican leadership is attempting to drag the church whole into the 20th century, a group that seems to want nothing from the 15th must trouble. The role the church should play in social and political issues is under fire from within. Headlines coming from last August's Anglican synod, the meeting of the church's highest legislative body, sounded more like potshots than critiques. Leader of the church Archbishop Ted Scott believes that modern Christians must meet head-on the problems of the secular world. Under his direction the church has taken on everything from promoting gay and lesbian incomes to protesting human experimentation in Chile. Though the well-publicized tensions between what one delegate called "the Tories and the yea or nay" had boiled by the end of the synod, a sense of damage persists among church members such as Randall Brown, Alberta's coadjutor. He says he'll have to learn to live with the new social activism. "I need the church, even though perhaps it doesn't need me."

It is doubtful that the anxiety felt by conservative Anglicans could ever push them onto the breakaway church, says Scott, who believes that since the beginning over the ordination of women—which had perturbed the clergy—has cooled down, the provisional Anglican Church of North America will become no more than a sect. Ironically, despite its search for Anglican faith and order, the new church has already fallen from grace: its four bishops were improperly consecrated and will not be recognized by the Archbishop of Canterbury. **CAROLYN FROEN**



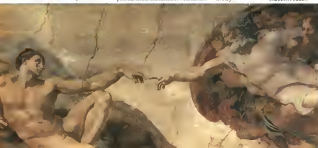
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Detail from Michelangelo's 'The Creation of Adam' in the Sistine Chapel, what else?



Dance

Lord of the dance

You can tell it's a dance factory from its golden glitz, this star-studded disco studio at a gritty construction in Weston, its birth smoldering on the back porch of Toronto. The gold is a one-way glass that keeps photographers from ogling the five dancers in black leotards on the other side of the glass. It is only during their long legs while Mike Foley paddles the choreography of the next eight hours of music.

It takes the 32-year-old Foley a long time to decide as it takes to play the tape. "Ready, step, step, back-step, pas de deux, social," he chants, stamping the chilly boards with his high-heeled shoes. He leads them in a snaky through the jumpy, vented movements and the girls—even the black Ms. with her fractured top—shrink like kittens to their mother, heaping and swirling as if they could read his mind.

"They practically have to," Foley estimates. It takes an awful lot of choreographing to bring in more than \$100,000 a year, as Foley estimates he's earning now, as the dancers must dress as hard as he does if time isn't to be squandered. "Everybody in these business dresses as clear as mine anyway," Foley jokes, blurring his attention on the coffee he drinks incessantly rather than on the impossible schedule and the job that is on

the go like so many juggler's balls. "I don't mind spending half my life in leotards," he says. "It's the only time I can really get my head together."

Though he can't skate himself (he clumps around the room in his boots), Foley has choreographed programs for internationally known dancers such as Olympic gold-medalist winter dancer Dorothy Hamill. Last year, Foley had Toller Cranston's *The Ice Show*, which he choreographed for Broadway, running at the same time as a Las Vegas act show he'd created for the Harlequin Club in Buenos Aires. He has been across the continental spring dance seasons for \$125 an hour (one-hour minimum) or putting what he calls "his Foley look, in it" Foley dancers" on TV specials, thousands of miles down the line.

It's no better this year because Foley is not-but now, better than any Canadian choreographer ever has been. "He's kind and shoulders above anyone else we've got," says Paddy Scatena, executive producer for the March 29 June Awards,

Foley with his dancers in leotards (above) and street—Barry Lawrence in leotards here, Linda Wu in leotards in the bottom photo. Behind: sometimes the newly blacked



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Environment

Mission Impracticable

Indians and whites welcomed him as if there had never before been anyone as honest. With ceremonial dances and gifts of beaded moccasins, with noble grins and audacious paintings, combs, arrows and bayonets and schoolchildren came to tell Mr. Justice Patrick Hart when he was moving and eloquent across just what he must do: stop "the South" from destroying their way of life. While northerners yowled at yet another money-squandering project of a one-man commission, some northerners came right out and called Hart "the chairman of Ontario's Royal Commission on the Northern Environment," four last hope." During 13 bitterly cold weeks this winter they waited out at public meetings or wood-paneled churches and towns

Hart's meeting with Donald Williams, a member of the Keweenaw Indian, at Moose Factory, the last Indian settlement.

hills in 14 communities across Ontario's North. They talked and Hart, nearly wearing a sword, listened to some 370 passionate—some philosophy, some harsh accusations. It was time for the South to listen.

Northern Ontario has long been isolated from the downtown centers in the South in Western Canada has been from the East. The 1.14 million square miles of Ontario north of the 49th parallel are a little-known world of one-and-a-half million, dwindling profits and living standards, unemployment, alcoholism and racial clashes. Added to all that are limited opportunities for a shiny, land and wild new frontier and resource development. "If the North is ravaged by lumbering, mining and pollution," Indian leader John Kelly has warned Hart, "I see not only the land of my people in desolation but I see the soul of my people in desolation." With equal

passion, white northern leaders have made a plea to Hart that they're sick of thoughtless southern accusations, particularly with unreasonably high environmental standards. Hart's job—it has been said impossible—is to reconcile such conflicting interests and come up with concrete proposals for the future. Still, it would be collapsed from exhaustion midway through the winter hearings.

A dry man who has been known to reveal his own gross confessions, Hart has remained silent while preparing the commission's 51 600-page interim report, to be presented in the Ontario cabinet late this month. He will offer preliminary recommendations to set a plan for two more years of hearings, expected to reveal the summer as an estimated cost to taxpayers of a million dollars. However, ration periods that Hart intends to begin. When the task was assigned to the Ontario Supreme Court judge last summer, it was much less head-on. He was asked to investigate the environmental impact of a \$400-million plan to harvest 10,000 square miles of northern timber by Reed Paper Ltd.—the British-owned company in Dryden that had already contaminated the English-Wishport river system with mercury. But after loud protests from Indian organizations that this plan was not the only threat to their homeland, Hart's mandate was broadened to include all aspects of life in Ontario's north of 49. That meant environment, employment, social welfare, transportation, energy, native rights, redevelopment, natural resources, everything. When just two weeks into the hearings, Hart looked off on his plan to make hardly a dent in Hart's workload.

So far, the inquiry has placed no real, neither Indians nor whites, conservationists nor urbanists. And the commission is not likely to win any friends, say people close to Hart, unless he removes his mandate by concentrating on key issues and local problems. Others fear just what a "Band-Aid solution" says Thomas Beatty, whose Muskoka Valley Pipeline inquiry also went right to the people for their views on environmental upheaval. "One of the mistakes we made was trying to put too many things down. You can't."

Through the urgency of the North's problems is undisputed, the responsibility of seeing through the jumble of conflicting expectations is not just paralyzing. The commission must lumber through two more years of public hearings before the government will begin to act on issues that have northerners now. Understandably, people on the sidelines for the worst possible outcome of a new billion-dollar worth of work, nothing. Grand Council Treaty Negotiations Chief Andrew Rickard, leader of the major Indian group north of 49, speaks with educated cynicism. "We're not so naive as to think that a commission such as this or such a politician," he says. "Our only expectation is to make the speakers again, over and over again."



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Behavior

Guilty—or not—by reason of psychiatrists



The 11 men and one woman on the jury had avoided the intense stare of the young man sitting in the dock. As the Crown Attorney read his confession, Bruce Hamill's expression never changed. The court heard how on a gloomy March morning he sat in the shadows of an Ottawa schoolyard for the caretaker, Perry Westcott, his 58-year-old neighbor. When the student climbed the steps the 21-year-old grabbed her and plunged his knife 36 times into her chest and abdomen. Afterward he felt like buying some potato chips. "She made my mother mad," he told police. "She was mean, rude and very insulting."

No one doubted that Hamill had, as Crown Attorney Andrzej Berman put it, "some emotional problems." On his lawyer Scott Milby's advice, Hamill pleaded not guilty to first degree murder by reason of insanity, successfully shifting the focus of the case from whether he had murdered Perry Westcott to whether he had known when he was doing while he murdered her. During the week-long trial in January, six psychiatrists agreed with police doctors and medical opinion that the sound to argue Hamill's criminal responsibility.

It is called the battle of the experts and the participants—lawyers, judges, doctors

and jury—agree that no one wins. The practice of pitting one doctor against another in court—and making lawyers, judges and jurors wade through their medical lingo—seems to satisfy no one, least of all the experts, who get paid to spin out the usual lying in fit post-hoc opinion into a legal stratagem. The opposition lawyer's task is to discredit the expert witness, says forensic psychiatrist Scheyn Smith, who testified in the Hamill trial. "If you've used this procedure you don't take it personally. His job is to break down the thrust of your evidence." In two reports now before parliament, the Law Reform Commission of Canada concludes that oral medical testimony is "time-consuming, and expensive and should be avoided whenever possible." But it's more than a matter of time and money. Critics of the legal system wonder whether justice can be served when a so-called opinion can be bought, then tailored or obscured for the defense or prosecution.

In the Hamill case, the four doctors for the defense did agree that Hamill suffered from an explosive personality disorder and damage to the temporal lobe of the brain, the part that controls emotion. But whether that disorder sparked Hamill's

crime was another opinion. Smith said it had, another psychiatrist thought the accused had self-medicated a seizure and a neurologist argued there was no way of proving either. The two psychiatrists for the prosecution didn't even buy the temporal lobe theory. One of them said Hamill simply had "a case of flat feet" and that his reasons for the murder were maybe no more peculiar than any motive for killing.

As usual, the experts conducted a trial within a trial and left the jury virtually nothing to do but vote on which witness performed best. Those who favor the adversarial system believe cross-examination will bring out the vital points and dispense all clouds of confusion. But even the lawyers become frustrated trying to sort out the grey areas of psychiatry. "I'm expected to cross-examine an expert in his own field," says Berman, Hamill's prosecutor. "Yet I don't know anything about psychiatry." He lost the case. Hamill was found not guilty by reason of insanity.

The Law Reform Commission has been pushing for action on these issues since it presented two highly critical reports, *Excuse and Mental Disorder in the Criminal Process*, in parliament two years ago. So far, the federal justice department has

does nothing more than set up two study groups. Presumably—since no action seems forthcoming—the groups are still grappling with the commission's argument that the Criminal Code is "poorly organized and antiquated" on the subject of mental illness. Under Section 16, offences are considered "legally insane" only if they are "inexplicable as appearing in the nature and quality of an act or omission in respect of which the person is charged."

But psychiatrists believe that the distinction between insanity and criminal responsibility is disproportionately irrelevant; there's no such thing as clear-cut "insanity." The expert witness is often expected to play both lawyer and jury when, according to the law, the jury has already been told to decide the defendant's criminal responsibility.

In an attempt to salvage the role of the jury in such cases, the Law Reform Commission recommends that the question of insanity be resolved by a board of at least three persons before the trial begins. Victor Elton, who wrote *Mental Disorder in The Criminal Process*, also produced a working paper for the commission which suggests that the psychiatric community apply lists of expert fees which can be chosen at random—a pool of fees for or against the offender exists and for all. Similar systems are already under way in some parts of the United States and Canada.

Although psychiatrists admit that they are "bitter guys for sale" and lawyers confess they "shop around" both groups are hatching for expert witnesses to move subtle. De Jerry Cooper, a witness of 30 murder trials on the Toronto expert witness list, has said that some of the best lawyers shop for opponents; psychiatrists would be happy to sell to the top bid bidder. "After all," he says, "most criminal cases are handled by legal A&S—and that's only 40 on the list in Ontario." And says Smith, forensic psychiatrists value their academic reputation. "When I sign the witness box I am not advocating for either side. It becomes an advocate for my opinion."

As psychiatrists and lawyers reveal words from the secret world about insanity, the system, most agree informally about these criminal changes: defining the word "crimes," specifying the nature of psychiatric reports so that there's a standard basis for judgment in each case, and sharing all relevant evidence before the trial begins. Many also agree that until the person system is more rational, balanced, the naturally off-ender, psychiatrist and lawyers will be at one another's throats, hating the process on trial and the judicial process. Elton says that what a psychiatrist has in the courtroom is: "Can you tell him and do you want to tell him?" He knows that if the accused is found guilty he goes into the psychiatric system and if he is found insane he goes to court. That's a tough choice for someone who is first and foremost a doctor."

PAULETTE BERKOWITZ

Law

Prepare for a little action, off the beaten track



In these rough-and-tumble times, almost any Canadian can walk into his corner store and find money that some time in the near future the numbers on the back of paper his machine will make him rich. It's called a lottery, and it's Reflexity All Right.

In the time Canadian chooses to bet the same money in the same manner on the Daily Double or the Daily Million, however, it's Not Periodically All Right. It's an offense under the Criminal Code.

But what's the difference? Whatever it is, seems certain to be shortly eliminated. The horse players who don't go to the track will, having against reversal of policy by the federal government, be able to go to the hell in their own way, just like the folks who live up in the pure market outdoors, not those who assess lottery odds. Off-track betting—or off—index games, and this time it appears to have a clear field.

A year and a half ago Eugene Whelan, the agriculture minister and also the man responsible for Canada's horse racing industry, said, unequivocally, "I'm fully against it. I just don't think it's good for the small tracks and owners." Now he's saying less unequivocally, "I personally don't think that [off-track betting] is a tax on poor people, but if they [the racing industry] were it, and if the smaller tracks can be safeguarded, I won't stand in their way."

With Whelan finding that way, off-track betting could be thriving by 1979, along with a regulated system of taking bets by phone just as the illegal bookies do now. Whelan's deputy minister, Gordon Lussier, proposed amending the Criminal Code. If that happens, track owners will probably have the right to maintain or reject

The Queen's Plate, championship race, 1977. Here are some ways to blow your money.

OTR. Most are expected to quickly opt for it, because a constructive point is that the need would be doubling over a five-year period of the take from legal pari-mutuel betting—which was then \$1.2 billion, about \$80 million went into the coffers of provincial governments as tax revenue.

But it's not clear how well Whelan's position will be met, even when the Ontario Jockey Club leader is brought for trials, even if at least a temporary drop in track attendance, across the board. If the track loses confidence about what Whelan's "little people" (the track and horse owners who come on small-track revenues) J. P. Layton, then president of the Jockey Club of Canada, said in 1976 that a rehabilitation program in which all track stakes in OTR revenues, would not only maintain the small tracks but actually improve their lot.

At an industry, horse racing has been losing money in the millions each year, despite being the largest spectator sport in the country—more than 13 million people were in the tracks last year—and OTR is the only obvious solution. General access to betting on the races will also, one proponent believes, increase the sport's popularity on television. The only loser appears to be the bookie, who has based so much of his business on it. The better will lose more than he wins too, but about 25% of the money wagered will come back to winners. The bookies remain paid 45% so where will the money money go?

It's a great honor, but you shouldn't have done it (really wish you hadn't!)

Column by Mordecai Richler



I'm amazed that some years ago when blackhearted Lester Bross was given an obscenity charge, facing a possible three-year sentence, a number of New York intellectuals offered to testify on his behalf. Bross heard out their convoluted, jelly-arrogant and when they were done, he held on to his hands, glared at his adversaries and charged: "You only bastards will get me hanged!"

Canadian novelist, a notoriously anti-fetishist, French, could possibly say the same of all these well-meaning literary gnomes, Cauter, diagnosticians from across the country who gathered at the University of Calgary from February 15 to 18, to declare (unannounced to me last with the news) that the Canadian novel had come of age and furthermore reveal their list of the country's 100 most important novels, ranking on the Top 100 General prize Academic's list parade. The poll of more than 500 academics had been conducted by Malcolm Ross, who is a professor of English at Dalhousie University, Halifax, and editor of the New Canadian Library. The conference declared publisher Jack McClelland, who just happens to hold the reprint rights to most of these novels, was the most important on the subject in more than 30 years.

Alberta signed its Literary Capital. Of Canada had To Be Calgary "ran a Friday bookish in The Alberta and, of only to prove the point, in another story on the same page, Horst Schenck, Alberta's minister of culture, announced that his government would spend eight million dollars publishing works by Canadian authors for the province's disoriented jobs. A mere drop in the bucket, you might say. But since, very much of the same kind, you can't see the evidence, I might be argued that the minister could do more for Alberta culture by creating off at least one of those salons and using it to send indigenous craft to proper cooking school. With this story the ideal we were served at the banquet in the Prochoc Book and Winter Club was the far side of memorable. The beef, which I would have taken to be a personal specialty, was served grey to the core and all that could be said for the politicians was they were lucky to have at least literary men and women do not live by books alone.

At the banquet, in the absence of Proust, we were addressed by the Canada Council's Generalist, Lady a lady of undoubted position, who managed to bring together in one long speech every received truth about bookishness. At one table which included such literary bigwigs as Gabrielle Roy, Roger Lemay and Brian Moore, distinguished heads began to drop. Those of us who had looked for

newspapers lying flat on the table we were looking into some kind of line up a back covering the literary bonches of yesterday.

Enough. Novelists had not forsaken their typewriters to come to the literary capital of Canada in search of four-year rotations or film-making, after dinner speakers. We had come like cattle to the big pen to be graded by Cauter's Proust. In the future, working novelists would not only have a name and titles to their credit, but also a risk possibly to be branded on their buttocks in the coming liturgies.

The morning after the banquet we stepped onto MacEwan Hall bang over and brushing to hear the academic court professor, Margaret Laurence's *The Stone Angel* was adjudged seventh, a popular choice and only with works in the Top 10 were Gabrielle Roy, Sinclair Ross, Robertson Davies, Ernest Blyden, Sherie Weston, Hugh MacLennan, W. O. Mitchell and me. That is, if it survives the year's spring there, may be most remembered for its knowledge of both Gabrielle and me.

For the first time, I was surprised that the *Book of David* by Brian Moore, from the Top 10. My God, my God, professors who sell out to prove the Canadian novel had come of age also established that such an opinion is not enough to ensure Moore's name among us here. The problem was through a Canadian critic for more than two decades. Moore had had the best taste to be born in Ireland and is now rooted in California. Shame on him.

The conference in Calgary, a series of lectures, was a quintessential Canadian event, if only because once having seen and then list the professions stumbled over each other apologizing for it. These are not really the 100 most important novels, they said. Don't take our list too seriously. We don't mean what we say.

Well I, for one, take the list very seriously indeed. One of my novels, *The Accompanist* (Ed. from number 100) I received the last votes. From now on I think I will only claim to have come in first. I can also brag that I am the author of Canada's one-hundredth most important novel. Obviously, next time out I'm going to try harder.

One last observation. Only 46 hours after publication of the list of most important novels, the Canadian dollar sank below \$9 10 U.S., the lowest rate in 45 years. Do not underestimate the muscle of Cauter's Proust list.

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Laurence (left) with author Brian Moore, and a stack of Canada's Top 100 Novels (above).

This article and columnists' columns, Mordecai Richler.

Films

If you have to suffer you might as well enjoy it

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN
Directed by Paul Mazursky

Judging by *An Unhappy Woman*, being divorced on the Upper East Side of Manhattan is a lot different from being divorced on Wausau or Salem. The ordinary woman who discovers, after 35 years of marriage that her husband is in love with someone else will face tremendous financial disaster, debilitating custody battles, a dramatic decrease in her standard of living and most of all loneliness and loneliness. Erica (Jill Clayburgh) does have to navigate some rough times but a dose-lust bunch of female buddies keeps her buoyant. She gets to keep her East Siders apartment with the previous owner of Manhattan, garnish in chic gourmet cafe and wins the true understanding love of an artist—a famous one, not the starving one—who looks suspiciously like Alan Bates. If divorce is so much fun, how come she stayed married for so long? Ah, Hollywood.

Director Paul Mazursky is well-known for his humane comedies (*Wives In Love, Harry And Tonto*, and *Fast Stop, Greenwich Village*) and with this film he tries to contribute to the current rage of women which now issues from a woman's point

of view. But many of Mazursky's previous efforts were watch-optional and it is obvious in this one that he is not telling a tale of his own experience. It is not that so-called "women's film" can't be done by a man but when they are (as was also the case with *Jules and The Winning Post*) a detectable male sensibility prevails. Jill Clayburgh's strong presence helps balance this, and the fancifulness of her performance is the most distinctive aspect of the film.

Certainly it has its moments. Mazursky brings rich sensory to several key scenes where Erica's husband (Michael Murphy) denies his infidelity, he begins arranging almost convincingly, and when Erica undergoes therapy she reawakens—at first kindly, then forcefully—the trauma of her first marital period and the effect that trauma has had on her inability to accept her own sexuality. But because so much depends on the explosions of these explosive therapy sessions the viewer quickly feels like an emotional voyeur.

The film has a particularly persuasive

Clayburgh: she's both a great deal more fun than this particular woman's dream



of course performance from Los Lacus who plays Patrick. Erica's 15-year-old daughter (her singer in her father's popband) and her outrageous behavior toward her mother's new lover when he first comes for dinner is pure acid. Erica is quite credible as the artist/lover who helps Erica indulge herself in her new independence. But Cliff Gorman as Charlie, Erica's first sexual encounter after her husband, is given short shrift. Though obviously a sexual harrower, Charlie gives Erica only what she asked for and it occurs earlier when Erica beats him up to defend of Erica's honor. But Erica is left up to the knights in shining armor and the angle that he took Jill Clayburgh past through in establishing their sexual relationship is clearly designed to play to the sexual power policy.

Clayburgh herself, through the vocal of the then-nail-managed Erica, owns the movie up beat. Explaining to her husband why she so enjoys her once-a-week sessions with their women therapist, she says "I love the Club. It's just my favorite room and part of my life." Exactly. **B**

The Long Good-Night

THE GILDED AGE
Directed by Michael Mann

"He'll buy a guy off between drinks," the fellow says, half in admiration. And sure enough, a little later, Richard Boone bumps the fellow off—with a drink, and leaves them there. So the bad guys are back again, back on the ground in the latest version of *The Big Sleep*. Back too, in Robert Mankin as Philip Marlowe, Raymond Chandler's hard-as-nails private eye who is like a hero in golden to the most clichéd hooker. Perceptivity, intuition, guile, guile, homicide, suicide—they're all waiting for Marlowe after he sees it passes a romantic black-and-white and becomes ensnared in a web of intrigue spun around the lives of two self-indulgent young women and their fathers, a wealthy, married general.

That's all there really is to be told about the choice plot, except for two things: the weirdly unexplained murder—poison is both Chandler's book and the Bogart-Bacall movie of 1946—and one of the most convincing red herrings of detective fiction—has now been explained, and the movie's acting has been updated to the present, shifting in the process from Los Angeles to London. *The Big Sleep* otherwise splendidly evokes the authenticity of *Forever My Lady* (Mankin's 1975 Marlowe) and has more of the tension a good mystery demands.

The film's major asset, and its almost enough, is Robert Mankin, Hollywood's great loser, the man who was booed for margins about a quarter century before people soaked it during the Bad Art era. An unfashioned myth figure, Mankin, now 60, might have been born to play Marlowe, rugged, jaded, old, already vulnerable—indeed, the first

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Theatre

The return of The Angry Young Man

"The next guy who calls my plays 'gay' I'm gonna punch out," vows Jerry, a fast-talking, young Montreal playwright wearing his brother Jerry's trademark tie. Fennario is a comedy about those bastards and the third autobiographical play by Montreal's David Fennario—and he's also Fennario's alter ego in the play. The truth is, though, the plays are gay. With the debate over Quebec's future continuing, Fennario has managed to put the spotlight on a neglected segment of Quebec's population: the English-speaking poor. And it has made him a figure of national respect. When Fennario opened in January at Montreal's Contre Theatre it was a major cultural event. News Myron Galloway, drama critic of *The Montreal Star*. "Fennario is, sure, in a secure niche, leaving the

rest of Canada's leading playwrights in both languages."

It couldn't have happened in a more unlikely play. Like Michael Tremblay, his French-language counterpart, Fennario comes from a Montreal background that traditionally does not spawn writers. The Fennario Charles dances where he grew up as one of six children in a flat, multi-eternity of run-down houses on treeless streets, derelict alleys, shuttered storefronts and rarely corner taverns. It is the home of Montreal's poor Scots and Irish workers, who live alongside French Canadians in a scrappy, hardscrabble neighborhood of immigrants, workers and welfare recipients. "Growing up with that kind of conflict around, how can you help but be political?" Fennario asks. He's an active writer.

ber of the Irish Socialist Labor Party, but his plays are neither strident nor dogmatic. Fennario's rigorous and heart-felt depiction of the Fennario's workers in the strength of his plays, and it has made him the prize of his neighborhood. "As far as they're concerned," he says, "I could walk on water."

Fennario, now 30, came into the theatre by chance. A hapless student struggling with literacy, he dropped out of high school in grade 9 and drifted off across Canada and the United States eventually returning to Montreal with a vague notion that he could write. A creative-writing class in a college eventually led to the publication by the college of *Whisper A Poem*, Fennario's daily journal, and the book sold out.

Michael Pothbury, artistic director of the Contre Theatre, was impressed with Fennario's writing. "I knew that there was a real dramatic imagination here," he says. "He has a great way of handling characters and a way with dialogue." Pothbury arranged for Canada Council grants so that Fennario could spend two years just hanging around the theatre. The gamble paid off because audiences flocked to see the first play Fennario presented as Pothbury. On *The Job*, audiences hailed the arrival of an important new dramatist. His next play, *Working To Live*, only added to the praise.

In Toronto, Fennario has moved away from his familiar terrain, and it is obvious he does his best writing closer to home. Based upon an actual day he spent auditioning in a Toronto hotel room, Toronto is a slight work compared to the preceding plays. Despite some superb comedy, it lacks Fennario's former impassioned voice and drive, though the author claims that it's just as powerful as the other plays. In the most overtly political statement, the play makes Jerry tell a reporter from *The Toronto Star* that the Parti Québécois is a necessary force which only divides workers. "The guy just like the Liberal Party," Fennario says. "They won't change the basic structure of Quebec society—or another country won't make any difference."

The solution Fennario advocates is a sense of the downtrodden French and English populations to demand a new order, and he'll get his point across in a new play now taking shape. He will return to the Fennario to portray poor French and English squabbling over their back alleys. They'll stop fighting to unite against a common foe, the landlord, and that then will just happen to be a member of the Parti Québécois.

There is little doubt that Fennario's voice will continue to be heard, for the success has come quickly but it has been more than deserved. Fennario's wife, Elisabeth, once told him, "What makes your writing so good is that people like you really don't write." We should be grateful that he is the exception. DAVID MACALUSADA

Fennario: yes, you can go home again

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two layers of tough-as-nails skin—to the world's ill, and often extremely funny. It's a favorite of the town's history that he was Elia Kazan's first choice as Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire* on Broadway, which might speak some of the liveliest after-dinner what-ifs (what if Marlon had taken all what if Brecht had?)

Audé from here, Richard Boone: the actor with the face and voice that seems to have been left untreated in an open house for altogether too long takes the only remaining honors, nothing, Boone does it better, and he commands the scene's death



Milkyway (the world is a monster) (dark)

kind of seamless involvement as long as he is on it. For the rest, the supporting cast should be a dream. James Stewart as the general, John Mills, Oliver Reed, Joan Collins, Sarah Miles... Alex writer-director Michael Winner has made them no better than phantoms—in particular Candy Clark, no one of Stewart's daughters, who is allowed to overact into that ghastly lurch beyond laughter, beyond embarrassment, that supplies only bemused shock.

Private-eye buff, a special breed, may find it all paid to their special skills. Others are more likely to find *The Big Sleep* a bygone—and later long after the plot absurdities have been forgotten, to remember only that brilliant icon, Philip Robert Marlowe Michum. JACK BROWN

Brief Encounters

Cameo: A bad flatter that explodes everybody's fear of hospitals and gives Generative Bayle his best solo in years.

The Goodbye Girl: Boy meets girl, fights her off in love's hot. Richard Dreyfuss makes it.

Drama

They impale bleeding hearts, don't they?

THEY CLOSE SEALS ON THEM & THEIR

By the Mammery Trough of Newfoundland

Disgraced American voices boom through the auditorium. One threnody, spoken has rallied to the aid of another, the eastern giant of Hollywood—Walter Pidgeon. Henry Fonda, Gregory Peck—are on record deploring the annual best of the herd sent over the Newfoundland flow. These challenge wounded hearts take the

page for others like to many Devils. I say Goshak, seven millionaires youngsters wearing fishermen's waders, growing glasses and funny hair warm in July, crowded across arena. News found his answer to Goshoppe is at the road.

For me, stands the word of Jacob (his) try to remember love to make the Canada Council plotting deliberately. If even there were a case of stealing, a boy to do man's work that seems it sponsoring, as Canada's reply to world criticism of the test have a national tour of an address letter reeve by the Manners Troupe of News founded. Watching their final circus set of arms Canada to meet the annual.

They were playing against the seafaring, where they played to the crowd in St. Anthony, where the sea had begun.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Danise Bull (left), David Rees (with club) and (on the wall) Pierre Bouquet if they looked like spiders would anybody care?



Books

Sweet Ms.-series of life

TWO WOMEN
by Doris Anderson
(Minicopa of Canada \$9.95)

A CASUAL AFFAIR
by Sylvia Fraser
(McClelland and Stewart \$12.95)

The Toronto set may not be quite as witty as the Algonquin Round Table crowd but then it's not quite as raucous either. New York's writers and self-proclaimed used to gather in the gloomy velvet and mahogany environs of New Yorker's Algonquin Hotel to tattle about literature and vivacious best friends. Our crowd goes for truly skyscraper (Toronto's Park Plaza Roof Bar) or prissy wicker (Courtney and Galt). They mingle at book launchings, openings and the kind of dinner parties that feature at least one of the *cradles* or chosen from the *muscle* cabot. This month, spinning gloriously near the centre of this constellation of names, writers, television per-

sonalities and plain bachelors-on, are the two vies of novelist Sylvia Fraser (Pleasant, The Candy Factory) and ex-Chancellor Doris Anderson.

Fraser, pale blond hair, brushing eyebrows and stylized depigmentation, gives Chet in touch of melancholy. A Fraser appearance leaves memories of fashion, taste and conversation played insistently on high C. One remarkable Fraser was born a book-launching party found her wondering, barefoot-silver slippers so hand-

along the soft shoulder of the highway as one in the morning with speeding cars catching the faster of risk down in their headlights like we were rescued by a group which included Doris Anderson, a personal and professional friend, and one who seems far removed from her presentment. The Anderson incident—rockle of beads sitting above a formidable pine, conversation that vaguely vague and directed—was attached to the television drive and values of a self-reliant woman. Real Fraser stick, say Anderson colleagues today, as well as glamorous friends (publisher Jack McClelland, artist Harold Town, writer Charles Tompkins, sagacious Address Clark and Barbara Frum, etc.) Fraser-born Anderson and Hamilton-born Fraser share a new role two writers who should make a chunk of money.

Both have chosen women in the three for their new novels. Anderson's book (the first) is a continuation of the sort of story she wrote for *Minicopa* back in the 1970s with titles like *Too Smart To Marry* and *Children's Ending*. "He was young in years but was in the ways of women." Two Women is classic women's wish, but for newly married consciousness and women. It's the tale of Miss John Scott whose career in publishing is being blocked by clubby male executives. (Dorothy Mrs. Scott (who hasn't had sex for months) spends one night with the husband of her good friend, sociable Hilary Saunders and promptly goes pregnant.)

Meanwhile Hilary, the complete Good Wife, tries to break out of yesterday's fidelity racket by unsuccessfully coupling with an anthropologist. Good Friend and then with the plain but a closed, so worried by her alien and daughter returning home awestruck from a romance etc. The book moves warily along between the lives of John and Hilary with author Anderson stepping occasionally at various restaurants-horridous to have her characters fight for women's life over used sex and Chateau Chateau St. Envelope.

As a writer, Anderson's reach certainly



Anderson-trish, yes, but it's good trish

doesn't exceed her grasp. She aims for nothing she can't accomplish. Her one stylistic touch is a too generous reliance on her Fleming's trade-marks and lifestyle approach to realism. One particular pile: a hairline scar straight up a forehead corner "smiling seemed to sear robes." Or in the first chapter about Fraser's book *A Casual Affair* are higher included in her straightforward story of a stormy romance between a married businessman and the "pale blond" sensitive over talkative wife of a wealthy Torontoan.

Anderson's book is a series of fairly tall, currency panicles and epigrams about better nature. Some readers may side with Fraser's heroine—the artistic housewife to escape her crystal parthous. Others may feel more sympathy for the lover and long-suffering husband. All of us can reflect how times change: in 19th-century melodrama the villain rejected and abused the heroine. Three days they side her with less high incomes and white-on-white reveries.

Both books are likely to best-sell because they're the stuff good gossip is made of: gorgeous hosts of romance is dirt, lots of sex and some strange present with glow and pitfall. Such books, harder to write than they look, should however not be confused with literature. The literary value of Fraser's book hovers between a high-class Merlequin romance and Jonathan Livingston Seagull. For Anderson's book the question has no reference at all.

BARRAN AVELL



SOME OF THE FIGHTERS YOU'RE STICKING UP FOR

The thousands of crippled children in Canada all struggle under a variety of handicaps. What they have in common is the grit and spirit to work hard to work themselves into shape.

They need differing

amounts of help to do it. And they get all they need from the Easter Seals people, using your money.



The money you send to Easter Seals once a year supports these courageous children all year 'round.

When Easter Seals arrive in the mailbox, use them. And send a cheque. To back these fighters.

BACK A FIGHTER

Help Easter Seals help crippled children.

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just—even if it's only with Tories

Column by Allan Fotheringham



Devery, O'Higgins and Coverta sounds like a double-play combination in the Threety League! A plumbago outfit perhaps? A pugling set in *The Gory Show*? A small tan firm in an Eastern Ontario town that still has a Gory club, the court and one of its members who, unfortunately, drinks?

Devery to O'Higgins in Council comes at the slight-of-hand gang engaged to ship past your surveyor bullet that master of masks the prime prelude of our year. Prime easily, therefore, in the election, showing. Kneekle-bull, name all. They'd never read a hot stove or a house (unless Tom Coats was asked).

Scrutinize Keith Devery, man the National Government Party, also known as the Liberal hegemony of Canada. He is gifted with the wisdom of Michelangelo and the taste of Nathan Detroit. He is a large member man who wears additional like war paint. He is from Toronto and has never read *Thoreau* or the *Tragic* machine. Dick O'Higgins, Director of Propaganda at the Prime Minister's Office, wears a thousand Bido pad for hair. He has a perpetual air of daytime worry though he is more relaxed at night when his look merges the mental shagadelic of his former neurologist, Jan Coats, principal secretary to the res, a peak and scratched out of a Johnson's baby powder ad, a backroom door who looks as if he's just staying down in the corner, then, only by his member for a pound of bacon. The leader would take care to avoid the change for fear he'll lose a dagger.

All three are believed from the *Person* years, all participants in the belief that the world will rise and wither away, the real will turn past, until children will grow fast and riches will reflect the adult unless the Liberals are returned to power. *Person* and ever *Amis*.

All three are in charge of marketing this strange commodity called *Trudeau* who is destined in large part of the country yet at the same time is running about in his state, hard party with a cabinet that acts like an *unwashed* game revolving door. Luckily, I have been able to obtain a copy of their battle plan. It was received from a subcommittee-member again found in the fourth floor of The Canadian Grill, a subcommittee in the basement of the *Chateau*. *Laurel* which serves *reindeer* and other exotic toasts.

The battle plan of the firm of Devery,

O'Higgins and Coverta for the occasion of 1978—celebrating a decade of rule by Himself—is a most simple. It has three elements: (1) personality of Himself; (2) manipulate the media; (3) points to Joe.

On the first point, the planning crew is drawing, essentially, with a piece of *Plasticine*. Mr. Trudeau has more faces than Marcel Marceau. In his 1968 victory, we had Kissing Pierre, the handsome soldier. In his one defeat of 1972, we had the Don't Care Pierre, the philosopher-thing. In his

chaque, the planning firm retained *homemade* board work the first page. That a major announcement of yet another Liberal "process," aimed for key dealers, would always run heavy headlines for the most fact that there was not time to check it, reflect it, consider it or reject it. The Liberals were losing on the commentary pages, but they controlled the first page (How many times has that waterfowl park in Toronto been promoted? And, last, reveal as the *Phantom* Harbor reform in Vancouver! Each year, each election, new headlines.) The *seminar*, the *process*, the *speeches*, made the news.

This year there is a counter-offensive against the central press. Radio-Canada is so intimidated by the charges of *suppression* ultimatum that it alone carried live all the scenes of the Prime Minister's conference which was essentially a Liberal production media event. The English network of the car is also involved, as witness the Prime Minister naming a *few* *expensive* broadcast of the *Latin* *Government* into a free-press political broadcast.

The third aspect of the battle plan is to emphasize a comparison between Trudeau and Joe Clark. Don't compare Joe with God, give the late, complete man with the *hairs* alive. "We haven't done too well," Jean Chrétien will tell the voters, "but the other choice is awful." The defense mechanism for the fact Trudeau has only three real friends more politicians left in his cabinet (the *case* *hardened* Allan Maclean, the *legitimate* word *alter* man Don Jamieson and the *mercenary* Chibault) to point out every chance the *ambition* of *Don* *republic* *Clark* would be to take into his cabinet (it's not necessarily true, but the Libs will hammer it).

There will be the slogan (Sorensen by way of Kennedy by way of O'Higgins) "This is not a sick country in a healthy world, this is a healthy country in a difficult world." There will be the claim that this is the party of *cautery*, giving the face of the interchangeable facts and *retarded* personalities that populate the *front* *board* that *stirring* *country*. There will be the return of the *Berry* *Fingert* of politics, Bryce MacLachlan.

But mostly it will be a campaign fought on three points: (1) play *humble* (*trucks*, we've tried *hard*); (2) manipulate the *major* *and* *media*; (3) *point* *to* *Joe*. You've better watch out. You're welcome.



1978 example we moved on to a *concerned* *vigorous* *statement*, full of *ridicule* for *Stanhield's* *indolence* *work* *and* *price* *convinced* *idea*.

The res, for all his weekly *avocation* is *as* *in* *accord* *as* *a* *bebe* *in* *the* *vaige* *realm* *of* *electoral* *strategy* *and* *since* *the* *firm* *of* *Devery*, *O'Higgins* *etc.* *came* *back* *to* *re-* *tain* *in* *1974* *in* *his* *little* *chance* *but* *to* *re-* *member* *to* *his* *group*. We agree with *stature* *the* *new* *Marcel* *Marceau* *to* *come* *out* *of* *the* *gate*. *Trudeau's* *shaking* *us* *is* *that* *he* *has* *the* *largest* *border* *of* *the* *declaration* *deteriorate* *he* *is* *horrid* *except* *when* *he* *is* *in* *a* *fight* *(how* *many* *years* *does* *not* *give* *by* *blowing* *hairs* *in* *smoking* *post* *Wendy* *Piercy* *one* *suspicion* *)* *He* *has* *that* *lean* *and* *heavy* *look* *again*, *he* *has* *that* *elective* *baroque* *and* *the* *firm's* *plan* *is* *to* *de-* *monstrate* *to* *an* *angry* *liger* *at* *bay* *Scrap* *him* *up* *on* *Clay* *last* *and* *Neil* *Plastiline*.



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